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New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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The Ice-Age Cometh

IT is no accident that America chose to unveil her sub-polar capacity on the eve of the UN General Assembly meeting. Her three nuclear submarines – the first of a fleet of 16 – have shown they are able to operate in all weathers immediately off Russia's Siberian coastline. Soon they will be equipped with the deadly Polaris missile. It can be fired from under the water and even from under the ice, and, with its 1,200-mile range, can strike at the dispersed industrial concentrations in the heart of Soviet Asia. Most important of all, these submarines, operating under the ice, present virtually undetectable, and therefore invulnerable, targets. In recent years, both sides have attained the optimum in the numbers and destructiveness of nuclear weapons; the technological arms race has been fought over the means of delivery. Last week, for the first time in a decade, America regained the lead in this field.

This may prove an event of considerable political importance. Since 1955, the two blocs have been sliding out of the Cold War stalemate. At Geneva, the great powers concluded an unspoken anti-suicide pact. They recognised that the mutual possession of thermonuclear striking power ruled out war as a rational means of pursuing national policies, and, though unwilling to settle their differences, they agreed not to put them to the test of global conflict. The balance of terror was established.

Since then, it has shown an alarming tendency to break down. For this there are two reasons. First, Soviet advances in rocketry have greatly reduced the margin in initial striking power of the US Strategic Air Command. Second, there has been a qualitative change in Sino-Soviet strategy. An analysis of military publications from behind the Iron Curtain shows plainly that the Soviet command no longer thinks in terms of striking capacity, but of 'survival capacity'. It takes for granted the initial devastation of a mutual nuclear strike, in which the means of delivery on both sides will be destroyed; then – unlike its US counterparts – it pursues the logic of war into the second, or 'survival' phase, in which it believes demographic and geographical advantages will ensure a Communist victory. Such views are held even more strongly in Peking than in Moscow: the shift of power along the Sino-Soviet axis reflects a deeper shift in the direction of military thinking.

Hence the Communist bloc – ignoring the unknown radioactive hazards – has begun to contemplate a nuclear war with a sort of mad confidence, if not with equanimity. The policy of the Great Deterrent – the basis of Western geopolitical strategy since 1945 – is being undermined: for the deterrent fails if it has to be employed. In recent months, the Communist bloc has shown a tendency to revert to forward policies, and the language of coexistence is disappearing from its diplomatic missives.

The importance of the *Nautilus* is that it may – if only for a brief spell – restore the balance of terror and so encourage Russia to reach an accommodation with the West in areas of special tension. It may already have produced results: on Monday Moscow accepted an enlargement of the UN force in the Middle East, which a fortnight before she had vetoed in the Security Council. In the long run, however, the mere pursuit of the arms race can offer no security. By its very nature, it is punctuated by periods of imbalance, in which the temptation to capitalise on a temporary advantage becomes even stronger.

Instead, we should use this breathing-space to probe once more into Moscow's real intentions. We do not doubt that, within the Kremlin, there are elements to whom peaceful coexistence is still a viable – indeed the only – policy. But in Russia, as everywhere else, policies, and the men who advocate them, are judged by results. The influence of the 'peace' party in Moscow is thus in inverse ratio to the degree of intransigence shown by Washington. Indirectly, the policies of the Communist bloc are shaped in the West. An accommodation, if not a settlement, may still be possible; but the burden of proof lies with us. If we fail to shoulder it – and the General Assembly meeting offers us a first-class opportunity – then the leaders of the Communist bloc will be driven back to the counsels of despair.

Comments on the Week's News

Eisenhower's Mixed Bag

America's attempt to open the General Assembly debate – which threatened to be merely a sterile propaganda encounter – on a positive note is very welcome. Yet President Eisenhower's six-point plan is a curious blend of commonsense and tactlessness. The Arab world is now in a mood to receive any constructive suggestions, whether from East or West, which will help to insulate it from the interplay of Cold War. From this point of view, Eisenhower's proposal that economic aid should be channelled through the UN and administered by the Arabs themselves – thus by-passing East-West competition – is a positive contribution. It is all the more unfortunate, therefore, that it should be linked to proposals for controlling propaganda and inter-state political activity within the Arab world which – however sensible in themselves – cannot but be resented by the Arabs as a deliberate attempt to interfere in their internal affairs. Even more deplorable is the President's failure to set a definite deadline for the final withdrawal of US troops, while his face-saving suggestion – clearly inserted under pressure from London – that British forces in Jordan must be relieved by a UN contingent is likely to cause resentment. By contrast, however, we welcome his plea for the establishment of a permanent UN police force. Initially, this will probably be rejected by the Arab states; nevertheless it would effectively discourage future unilateral action of the great powers, and, we believe will eventually be recognised by the Arabs – and by Israel, too – as the best safeguard of their interests and independence. Against this background, Britain now has a first-class opportunity to make her own constructive contribution. By offering facilities in Cyprus for a future UN force, she could both provide Mr Hammarskjold with a convenient base which would not involve stationing troops on Arab soil, and at the same time prise a way out from the appalling deadlock in Nicosia.

Failure of a Mission

The Prime Minister's dash to Athens, Ankara and Nicosia cannot be written off as an unqualified failure, though the absurdly high hopes raised in London have plainly been dashed. On many occasions during the three-year-old dispute, the government has given the impression that it regards Cyprus as of secondary importance – most notably in January this year, when Mr Macmillan delayed announcing the Foot Plan to avoid the backwash of Mr Thorneycroft's resignation. To what extent his spectacular visit was prompted by his growing inclination to play to the gallery we do not know: but at least it brought home to the British public that Cyprus is an urgent problem of the first magnitude – and is now being treated as such by the government. In concrete terms, however, the visit achieved nothing. The truce continues beyond Grivas' deadline; but this is due more to the falling off in the number of arrests of Eoka 'sympathisers' than to any general belief that an acceptable solution is in the offing. Macmillan still sticks to his Tridominion Plan; the Greeks still stick to their unqualified rejection of it. Macmillan appears to have given the Greeks a guarded promise that if the truce continues 'for some months', Makarios will be permitted to return. But this factor alone is unlikely to stay Grivas' hand. The danger is that, if the truce is prolonged, Macmillan may be tempted to try to impose the Tridominion Plan by force. Meanwhile, opinion in the Labour Party is moving steadily in favour of a UN solution in some form or another.

Blind Eye in the East

American diplomatic missions abroad have now been sent a State Department policy paper to brief them on the US attitude 'regarding the non-recognition of Communist China' – presumably as a precaution against a new campaign for the seating of a Peking representative in the UN. It says nothing new. But it underlines again the strange blindness of Mr Dulles on this question. Whatever reasons of state – or of party – require him still to maintain that Communism in China will not be permanent, that 'one day it will pass', and that non-recognition will 'hasten that passing', the effect of such propositions is ludicrous in a week in which China has come out of the wings of world politics. The document also insists on linking the fate of the Formosan regime to non-recognition: in the long run, of course, the withdrawal of US support for Chiang is inevitable. But an interim policy could recognise the fact of Peking's existence without necessarily or immediately liquidating US commitments to Formosa. Mr Dulles, however, is determined not to budge an inch – unless his hand is forced by the collapse of Chiang's regime, or unless Peking 'abandons its efforts to expand Communist influence in Asia'. The reasons he gives are that recognition of Peking would not only strengthen the Communist regime internally, but would also help to push neutralist (and pro-Formosan Chinese) opinion in Asia towards Communist China. He seems unable to understand that non-recognition has already aided Communism; opinion in every Asian country regards Dulles's policy towards China as proof of America's imperialist intentions.

Footnote to St Helens

At the time of the peculiar intrigue over the Labour nomination for the St Helens by-election it was pointed out in this journal that one of the nominees short-listed was a Mr Austin Curran – at that time in dispute with the Fire Brigades Union, to which he belonged. It was, as this journal remarked on 3 May, 'touch and go whether he would be short-listed', because he had been suspended from his trade union. His name was allowed to go forward, partly because it was assumed that Mr Curran, being an active Roman Catholic politician, had got into trouble with the left wing in his union over Hungary, and partly because he produced a membership card in the National Union of Public Employees. The trade union leaders on the Labour executive who let this irregular nomination pass unchallenged – they were more concerned to keep Mr Driberg away from the selection conference than to upset the short-list by excluding Mr Curran – did not bother to find out that Mr Curran had quarrelled with his union over Suez, and that he had been improperly accepted into the National Union of Public Employees in breach of the 'no-poaching' Bridlington Agreement. But the Fire Brigades Union did bother to pursue the matter, and NUPE has now agreed that it should not have accepted Mr Curran. His contributions have been returned and he has been struck off the membership list. If, in fact, he had been chosen as the candidate at St Helens it would have been in the face of established union procedure.

Legalism in East Africa

The conviction of Julius Nyerere on charges of criminal libel and the fine of £150 imposed on him again sharply raises the issue of the position of legal departments in the colonies. Only a few weeks ago seven African-elected members of the Legislative Council were similarly convicted in Kenya. In both Mr Nyerere's case in Tanganyika and in the Kenya case, it is known that the Colonial Office here has been gravely embarrassed by these charges. Whilst not in any way querying the legal justification of such convictions, we believe this legal policy inevitably has political repercussions. Mr Nyerere is President of the Tanganyika-Africa National Union, the main African organisation in his territory and the body with which the British administration must co-operate if political and constitutional development is to become constructive and harmonious. In Kenya the convicted members were the African-elected representatives of the African people on whom the administration had to count for co-operation in the new constitution. No one doubts that nationalist leaders sometimes use words or write phrases which can be construed as libellous. So could many words used in political campaigns in this country. Irresponsible legal action taken on such niceties, however proper in law, inevitably exacerbate political tensions. In East and Central Africa, unfortunately, these tensions are closely identified with racial considerations.

New Statesman

In view of speculative comments that have been made about the control of the NEW STATESMAN *it seems appropriate to explain briefly the constitution of this journal.*

The policy of the NEW STATESMAN *is exclusively in the hands of the Editor, who is responsible to the Statesman & Nation Publishing Company. This Company is owned by the Statesman Publishing Company and the Nation Proprietary Company, the majority of its shares being held by the Statesman Publishing Company.*

Ultimate control of the NEW STATESMAN *therefore rests with the holders of management shares in the Statesman Publishing Company. Nearly 90 per cent of these shares are held by the directors of that Company. Each director has recently signed a covenant agreeing (a) to ensure that the policy and characteristics of the* NEW STATESMAN *remain unaltered, and (b) to relinquish his shares on ceasing to be a director, in order that they may be transferred to a successor. The names of this Board, which has become in effect a self-perpetuating trust, are Gerald Gardiner QC (Chairman), G. D. H. Cole, John Freeman, David Low, Kingsley Martin, John Roberts and Sir Charles Snow.*

News from Our Own Correspondents

Washington

Dulles Under Fire

If the Administration has been spared the perils of the summit, thanks ironically to Mao Tse-tung, it has been exposed to increasingly heavy fire down in the valley. Theoretically the Senate shares with the President the burdens of foreign policy, but in emergencies it is not considered good political form to press the prerogative. With New York safe from Krushchev, however, and the Lebanon crisis at least damped down a bit, Secretary Dulles now finds himself the target of the liveliest assault ever aimed at him from the Capitol.

What had been a subterranean rumble when the Marines went into Lebanon was turned into an open barrage by Senator Fulbright, who may thereby have redeemed himself in some eyes for his studied silence about events in his native Arkansas. 'Inadequate, outmoded, and misdirected' were the mild adjectives with which he launched his attack on American foreign policy, but he soon warmed up to a lustier indictment of 'the present leadership of this country, which, when it is not weak and desultory, tends to be impetuous and arbitrary'. The real menace of the Soviet Union, he suggested, lay in 'the excuse it has provided us for our own failures'. For whatever went wrong with the world, he said, we have had a ready answer: 'The Soviet Union was behind it.'

Senators themselves are not unfamiliar with that particular response-to-challenge, as the Toynbeeans say, but this was perhaps the first time they heard it described as 'a perfect formula for the evasion of reality'. It was one of the rare occasions, too, that the tabooed subject of recognising Communist China was allowed to come to the surface. Fulbright did not come out for recognition in so many words, but he scornfully touched on our 'cutting off all our contacts with the Chinese people'—to Russia's advantage—'by emulating the habits of the ostrich'.

The Fulbright speech got a considerable play in the press, along with reports that the Administration itself was divided on the Dulles position that nothing can be done to ease tensions in the Middle East until steps are taken to end 'indirect aggression'. Vice-President Nixon was said to be among those who regarded this as rather too meagre a contribution to make even to the UN Assembly's low-altitude discussion of the subject. Other Senators joined in the Fulbright attack, especially Hubert Humphrey, who bluntly invited Mr Dulles to resign. The atmosphere had changed sharply in the few weeks since Speaker Rayburn, in the House, had silenced a critic of the Lebanon troop landings with the admonition that 'in times like these we had better allow matters to develop rather than make remarks about them'.

The significance of the Fulbright speech can hardly be lost on the politically alert members of what used to be called the 'Eisenhower team'. With one possible exception, the Arkansas Senator's rebellious attitude is shared by all his Democratic colleagues on the powerful Foreign Relations Committee. Fulbright himself is outranked on that body only by Green of Rhode Island, who at 91 is chairman less in fact than in name. Other members include the cogent and articulate Humphrey, who has been pressing for a fresh start on disarmament; Mansfield of Montana, who accuses Dulles of a Middle East policy based on 'military dictators, social rot, and economic stagnation'; Morse of Oregon, who condemned the Lebanon action from the start; and Kennedy of Massachusetts, who has bitterly criticised French policy in Algeria and favours economic aid to Poland.

Should the Democrats add to their Senate strength in November, as practically all the experts predict, they will confront the President with a choice between giving the Committee a real share in the making of foreign policy, letting Dulles go if he balks, and running into that Congressional stubbornness which Eisenhower has known less than any President since Coolidge.

ROBERT BENDINER

Bonn

Germany and the Arabs

A Correspondent writes: West German reactions to the Near East crisis have been both interesting and illuminating. After the landings in Lebanon and Jordan, the majority of the press editorials were bitter and cynical in their criticisms of the Anglo-American moves, especially of Secretary Dulles. The halo which hung round his head after the Suez fiasco two years ago was ruthlessly torn away and he was 'exposed' as the new convert to the old colonialism. The vehemence with which the developments in Beirut and Amman were attacked indicated more than moral resentment. It showed all too clearly the fear of the repercussions on the Federal Republic of a world war, and even more plainly, annoyance at the possibility that this country might have to make a decision between political and economic interests. One paper wrote frankly that it was a case of 'German solidarity with the West or the Federal Republic's traditional friendship with Arab nations and our far-flung economic interests'. German businessmen in Cairo were warning the Chancellor that if the Bonn government sided with the Americans this might mean the loss of valuable contracts for German industry.

American pressure did get the Bonn Foreign Office to make a statement that the Lebanon and Jordan landings were intended to ease tension in that area. This was just three days before Dulles' lightning visit here. Simultaneously, however, the government's official *Bulletin* appeared with an article stressing the country's great regard for good relations with the Arab states.

German indignation could appear all the more righteous since the Americans and British had not consulted with other Nato partners before making their military moves; but one really wonders how this country would have reacted, if consulted. It would certainly be a severe test for the neutralism which is not far below the surface whenever Arab-Israel issues crop up.

Doubts exist regarding US leadership in the Arab problem, regarding Washington's interpretation of the role of Nasser and of the relationship between Arab nationalism and Moscow. Spokesmen of the Foreign Office here express strongly their belief that Nasser is not an agent of the Kremlin, that proper handling will prevent his being tempted to move in that direction, and that Arab nationalism can be prevented from serving Communist interests. The key to the Near East situation, say these spokesmen, lies in Egypt. That country in particular must receive economic aid as one of the first steps to ensure independent Arab development.

Washington is not the infallible guide which Bonn used to think it. Dulles got little help from Adenauer in another matter. The latter showed little desire to go out of his way to try to get General de Gaulle back into step with the rest of the West. Adenauer wants first to see whether de Gaulle can establish himself in France. The Chancellor also had little desire to be involved in any special deal with France which could (because of Algeria) cause this country to lose some of its traditional friendship among the Arabs. French Foreign Minister Couve de Murville's visit to Bonn also brought little support for de Gaulle's idea. The concept of Europe as a third force, led by France, makes no appeal here.

United Nations

The Writing in the Sky

Ritchie Calder writes: Anyone who finds the report of the United Nations' Scientific Committee on the Effects of Atomic Radiation reassuring should have his (or her) head examined. It is one of the most disquieting documents of our times. Now we know that the scientists know that they do not know. Since March 1956 this Committee of 85 scientists of 15 nations has been collecting and analysing information from all over the world, and the result is a compendium of facts and a confession of ignorance. It is a scrupulously honest report which sets out the facts that are known and tries, so far as is possible, to measure the effects; but they cannot measure the imponderables or fabricate knowledge that does not exist. For example, on radiobiology, which is fundamental to their entire terms of reference, they say: 'we do not know how radiations act on living cells'. On the genetic effects of atomic radiation which involve future generations, they call for much more thorough inquiries but enter an emphatic caveat. 'Radioactive contamination of the environment resulting from explosions of nuclear weapons constitutes a growing increment to world-wide radiation levels. This involves new and largely unknown hazards to present and future generations; these hazards, by their very nature, are beyond the control of the exposed persons. All steps designed to minimise irradiation of human populations will act to the benefit of human health. . . . Even the smallest amounts of radiation are liable to cause deleterious genetic, and perhaps also somatic, effects.' (Somatic refers to effects on present individuals.)

Both the Russians and the Indians on the Committee tried to get the Committee to declare itself on the subject of test explosions but, by a majority, the Committee made the technical excuse that such a declaration involved national and international decisions which lay outside the scope of its work. The US, curiously enough, voted for the Indian resolution that included the sentence 'that nuclear tests are the main source' at present of world-wide contamination. The British voted against any resolution. It is indeed unfair to ask scientists as scientists to express what are in fact political judgments. As the report says, the effects pose the ethical and legal problems which should be the special concern of governments and that the present generation has a heavy responsibility 'since man's actions can impare his genetic inheritance'.

The report deals very thoroughly with the 'natural background radiation' – the atomic rays to which living things have adapted themselves in the process of evolution and which can have been a factor in that evolution. It also dealt very thoroughly with man-made sources of radiation, like X-rays, illuminous watches, etc., but that is only a reminder that since the beginning of the century there has been a great deal of indiscriminate and irresponsible use of such radiations. But, as the Committee stresses, medical or occupational exposure to such radiations affect only a fraction of the population whereas 'background' and 'fall-out' affect the whole world.

Such 'reassurance' as the Committee may appear to offer on the subject of 'fall-out' depends on admittedly imperfect information, with the absence of reports from large areas of the world. At best it merely suggests that the situation is not yet hopeless. But here again there is little comfort in its admitted ignorance of the effects not only on the human organisms, but on the micro-organisms and plant life (the importance of which it stresses as part of the unpredictable ill-effects in human ecology).

In short, this report merely demonstrates, as a solemn and portentous warning, that, though the scientists may think they know a great deal about the physical chain reaction, they know little about the biological chain reaction.

Fleet Street

Half-term Report

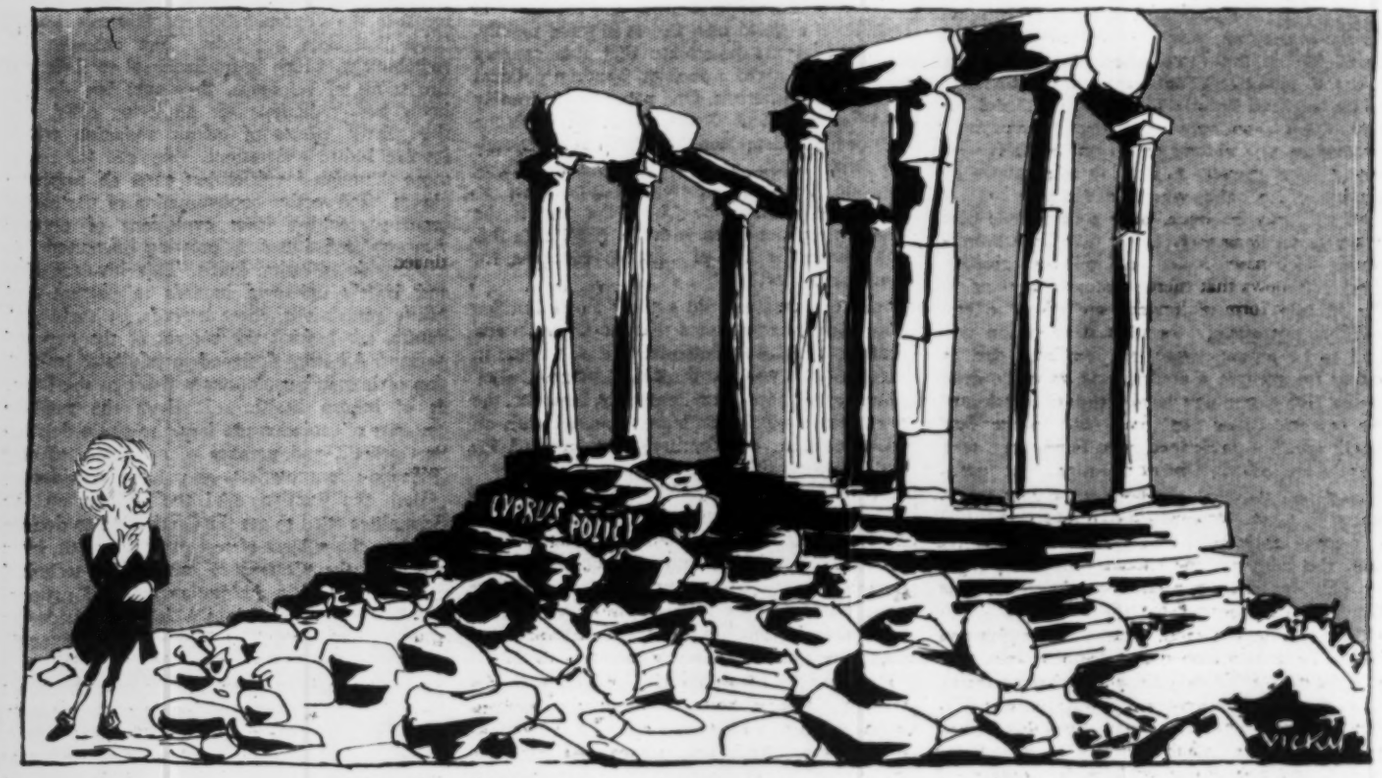
Accountancy is a heartless science, a hard taskmaster. This is the season of the year when its iron enters into the souls of editors – the last of the ABC figures of average sales over the past six months are now available.

Their moral in fact is more cheerful for Fleet Street as a whole than many had expected. More than 16 million national dailies are still sold every day, more than 27,210,000 papers every Sunday.

But if this is encouraging to Fleet Street as a whole the figures contain little solace for the hard-pressed managements and editors of some papers. The *Daily Herald*, for instance, which hoped, with freedom from the TUC and a considerable amount of editorial revamping, to reverse the trend of previous years has signally failed to do so. Instead its average sale for the first six months of the current year was down to only a little over 1.5 million. This is a fall of 117,000, or just over 7 per cent. compared with the average a year ago. Freedom from the TUC may have helped its taxation position by enabling it to pass on its losses to big brother Odhams and thence, in part, to the state; but, on these figures, it seems so far to have done nothing to make more people want to buy it. Nor, unfortunately, can the *News Chronicle*, whose fortunes were linked so closely with those of the *Herald* in public repute before the rise in price, look on the current ABC figures with equanimity. It has lost more even than the *Herald*. Its average circulation for the six months was down to only 1,267,000, a fall of 127,000 or around 9 per cent. – nearly three times the average – compared with a year ago. To continue the gloomy picture on the left, *Reynolds*, which had generally been assumed to have touched rock bottom some time ago, is now down to only 367,000 copies a week, which is 85,000 lower than a year ago and represents a frightening percentage fall of getting on for 19 per cent. We seem, indeed, to have reached the strange position where although the various brands of Conservative opinion can still support a number of quite flourishing newspapers, no left-wing papers except the *Mirror* and the *Pictorial* have much of a chance.

Both these, of course, also lost circulation during the first half of the year. But their percentage decline was quite small – under 3 per cent. or well below the daily average in the case of the *Mirror*, and just over 5 per cent. for the *Sunday Pictorial*. The *Daily Mail* did best of the popular dailies, with a fall in circulation of little more than 30,000 compared with a year ago, the *People* much the best of the popular Sundays. It lost only a little over 50,000 on a circulation total getting on for 5 million. The *News of the World* is still falling pretty heavily – it is now about 1,250,000 below its one-time peak, although still, with 6,767,000, far ahead of the rest of the field. But the worst hit of all the Sunday papers has been the *Sunday Dispatch*, which has dropped nearly 500,000 copies in the twelve months. The considerable know-how lately developed in the *Daily Mail* office does not seem to have extended to its Sunday companion. Nor does Lord Kemsley's talent for producing in the *Sunday Times* the best-selling serious Sunday paper in the history of journalism extend to the mass field. Both his *Empire News* and his *Sunday Graphic* have slumped heavily. The Beaverbrook Press, however, keeps its touch. Although both the *Daily Express* and the *Sunday Express* have been hit a little by the price rise, they have suffered much less than the average. It it pleasant to report that *The Times*, the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Daily Telegraph* all actually show increases. The number of those who want serious news seriously reported may still not be very large. But it is steadily increasing.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS



Yet oft-times in his maddest mirthful mood
Strange pangs would flash along Childe Harold's brow,
As if the memory of some deadly feud
Or disappointed passion lurked below.

—BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.*

The Trumpets of Peking

THE trumpets sounding from Peking have a new and more strident theme: 'The East Wind Prevails Over the West Wind.' Is this merely a slogan to rally the Chinese people to face the strains and stresses of 'Socialist construction' or does it express a new Chinese outlook on the world and on the part that China is now to play in it? The short answer is that it is both a useful slogan and a policy which was formally proclaimed in the Sino-Soviet communiqué published last week.

Ever since the Communist durbar in Moscow last November there has been a divergence between Moscow and Peking, or, more precisely, between the line taken by Krushchev and the views of Mao Tse-tung. It was this divergence, brought to a head by the Middle East crisis and Krushchev's proposal for a Summit meeting, that made the Peking conference necessary. The scope of the talks was much wider than, for instance, the tactics to be followed in East-West negotiations, or the problem raised by the Formosan membership of the Security Council; quite clearly, the differences between Krushchev and Mao sprang from radically different assessments of the world situation—a conclusion supported by an analysis of the articles published in the *People's Daily* over the last few months.

How does Peking now argue? Its view can be thus summarised. The economic success of the Communist bloc is no longer in doubt. The Soviet sputniks have shown its technological capacities, while the American recession has shown the weakness of the capitalist world. For the present, it is not the promotion of Communist regimes that matters: the immediate objective is to promote the regimes of 'national independence', i.e., neutralist and, as the Chinese see them, anti-western states, in Asia, Africa and Latin America. (Those who think of China as only an 'Asian' power should study the attention it has long paid to Latin America.) By encouraging such regimes—a much more certain tide of events than the triumph of Communism itself—the West can be isolated. But this can only be done, the Chinese believe, if there is no weakening of the Communist bloc either doctrinally or as a unit of economic self-help. It follows that there must be fierce opposition to any form of 'revisionism'. Tito becomes an enemy in some ways more insidious than the western capitalists, who will, in any case, be defeated by their own inner contradictions. It also follows that there must be immediate and active support for any 'nationally independent' regime that is threatened or attacked and effective support for a popular majority if its chance of overthrowing a reactionary or a pro-western government is foiled by western intervention.

These conclusions, of course, lead to the big question on which the Chinese have now made their position clear beyond doubt. Had they been in the Soviet position, when American troops landed in the Lebanon, then Chinese divisions would have been moved into Syria or Iraq. And if it meant war? Very well then, say the Chinese plainly, we will accept a war forced on us by the 'imperialist maniacs'. It is now official doctrine that China, unlike the West, can survive a war; the war would lead to the triumph of Communism and 'everlasting peace'. This does not mean the Chinese think in terms of starting a war; like Mr Dulles, they only believe in 'containing' the potential enemy. They may make noisy demonstrations over Formosa, but we need not assume that Krushchev hurried to Peking to stop an assault across the straits. Rather it seems probable that Mao told Krushchev that any fresh western intervention comparable to that in the Lebanon and Jordan should evoke prompt Russian reaction—and that if such intervention occurred in Asia, then China would act.

Last May the Eighth Party Congress held its second session in Peking. This was not an extraordinary meeting, for it had been laid down when the Eighth Congress met in September 1956 that, if possible, such meetings should be held annually. What was exceptional was the session of the Communist Party's military committee, which continued to meet for six weeks. Such a meeting was not required merely to decide questions about the reorganisation of the Chinese army. It was a full-dress review of the international situation, and of Chinese policy.

The first hint that something important had been decided came two weeks after the military committee finished its meeting. At that time, Krushchev was in the middle of his Summit correspondence with the West, but he dropped his letter-writing to make a special visit to Peking, taking Marshal Malinovsky with him. He was, in effect, summoned by Mao to be told where the Russian and Chinese policies were out of step.

The political background had already been set by the Chinese leadership of the campaign against 'Yugoslav revisionism', and it is this that gives an important clue to the evolution of the new Chinese policy. To understand this, one must go back to 1956, and the aftermath of the 20th Congress. At that time the Chinese Communists were confident of their power and their success, and also of their solidarity with the Soviet leaders who were undoing the 'errors' of the autocratic Stalin—who had consistently bungled relations with the Chinese Communists. In September, 1956, the eighth congress of the CP of China met in Peking. Its thesis followed the new line laid down by Krushchev at the Soviet Congress in February. Of course there must be different paths to Socialism according to the different conditions in each country. Had this not been the unspoken heresy of Mao against Stalin for twenty years past? Of course the old dogmatism must be ended. When the Polish delegate discussed his country's difficulties, it was the Chinese who assured him of their sympathy and possibly pressed the Polish case in Moscow. It was commonly said that when Krushchev flew to Warsaw the Chinese Party sent its emissary to Moscow to convey a warning against any Soviet attempt to suppress Gomulka.

Then came Hungary. For the first few days the overthrow of Rakosi and the rest was treated in exactly the same way. This was another country throwing off its Stalinist shackles and starting afresh along a creative Communist path. When the change came, it came abruptly. It was not the Chinese who suddenly discovered the Hungarian revolution was going dangerously far; it was clearly the Russians who told them so. On one day *People's Daily* was respectful to Nagy; on the next he became a traitor. But it was not at that point that Peking decided that 'revisionism' was a deadly danger.

It was not until the end of December 1956 that the Chinese published a long document entitled *More on the Historical Experience of Proletarian Dictatorship*. The importance of this document lies as much in the way it addressed the Communist world as in what it said. For the first time it was the Chinese who were telling their fellow Communists—the Soviet Union included—how far Stalin had been wrong and how far he must be respected as a Marxist leader. Here was China saying that Stalin's empire in eastern Europe showed signs of breaking up—after the change in Poland, the outburst in Hungary and the renewed independence of Tito—and it was now the Chinese who were laying down the law on what was dogmatism and what was revisionism. It was the Chinese who were clearing up the theoretical muddle—with the implication that the Russians were incapable of doing this.

Then came the first Chinese attack on Yugoslavia. But the attack was persuasive not hostile. It was 'Comrade Tito' who seemed to go too far in his definition of Stalinism and who had actually attacked fellow Communist governments! This was only blurring the real distinctions, said the Chinese, between the Communists and their enemies, the imperialists. 'We have no wish to interfere in the internal affairs of Yugoslavia, but these matters are by no means internal'. But that did not end the matter. On the contrary, Mao Tse-tung, who takes his Marxism very seriously indeed, was thinking deeply about the discontent in eastern Europe and comparing the reasons for it with his own experience in ruling China. His conclusion was that there was no pressing need for rigid discipline and a revived dogmatism. The problem needed a flexible approach. Thus, in February 1957, he made his speech on 'Contradictions', in which he contrasted understandable conflicts within a Communist state and quarrels with the enemy, who might be internal or external. It was clear to his hearers, and the many thousands of officials to whom the speech was circulated, that, apart from the handful of agents sent from Taiwan or a few others who might fall into the category of counter-revolutionaries, there were no longer any real enemies of the regime inside China. The enemies that remained were outside China and outside the Communist bloc. Within China what was needed was understanding, persuasion and discussion to help the common effort.

In April the discussion groups of the non-party intellectuals began: most of their criticisms were carefully framed within the freedom granted by Mao's speech. For two months this criticism continued and its contents were published in the newspapers. The universities took it up with wall newspapers and these comments were also published. In a very short time it became apparent that the criticisms voiced by the older generation of non-Communists, products of American, British and French universities, were echoed by the younger generation of students. Suddenly on 6 June the line changed. The criticism was turned by the Communist Party against the intellectuals who had been encouraged to speak and who had been assured that they had nothing to fear by speaking. Steadily the campaign against these 'bourgeois rightists' was built up and it continued violently all through last summer. The intellectuals were hounded out of office and disgraced. The students were silenced. Mao Tse-tung's original speech was now published with significant additions and deletions to prove that the critics were wrong and dangerous. After the growing freedom of the previous year China relapsed into conformity. The newspapers again became unreadable; literature lost its new zest. But what also became apparent (and here we are less well informed of the whole truth) was the degree to which these revisionist ideas were also common in the higher ranks of the Party. Among those disgraced and expelled were three provin-

cial governors and numerous high officials in the central organs of literature, broadcasting, publishing and films.

Why was there this sudden and total reversal? What frightened the Chinese? Was there a group in the party which had always opposed the new freedom and could now point to the obvious dangers? Certainly any Communist must be frightened when he sees youths who were 12 and 13 when Communism came to power, emerging from eight years of Communist education yet still making the same criticisms of the regime as western liberals. But from this moment the danger of revisionism became apparent in a new sense to the Chinese leaders themselves.

By November last year, Mao had made up his mind. He was taking a tough line towards the Poles and the Yugoslavs, and at the Moscow conference the declaration of governing Communist parties was strengthened at Chinese insistence. They may have doubted Krushchev's capacity to keep eastern Europe in order and bring Tito to heel, but he was still given time to try. It was only some time after the Yugoslavs published their draft programme last March that the Chinese took notice officially and started their own campaign. This began in *People's Daily* on 5 May with a more menacing polemic than anything that had come from Moscow. By referring to the sins of the 'leading group' of the Yugoslav Communist League it was implied that others, no doubt the majority, were silenced by Tito and his gang. The Yugoslavs were accused of reactionary bourgeois nationalism, of trying to obliterate the fundamental differences between the capitalist and Socialist systems – in short, as many later articles have made plain, of being traitors to Marxism and proletarian internationalism. By standing outside the two world camps they were denying the absolute antagonism that existed between them. Recently these attacks have come from the pens of some of China's leading party officials, such as Chen Po-ta, the philosopher who is known to be close to Mao. It was he who said that 'Yugoslav revisionism is a product of imperialist policy'.

If we try to understand the reasons for this violent attack which puts Tito almost in the same category as Dulles we must find it in matters of doctrine most important to the Chinese mind. One reason comes through clearly in all the attacks. The Chinese see that revisionism leads to a loosening of relations with the rest of the Communist camp at the same time as it brings a closer relationship to the West. In China variety and freedom only made Communism more distinctly Chinese (so Mao had assumed) whereas the revisionism of eastern Europe only made Yugoslavia more western. It is significant that the Chinese attack the Yugoslav press for being indistinguishable from the American and for permitting far too many western cultural imports. Tito even allows the showing of American films! Is not this a collapse in face of decadent western culture?

To understand this intense Chinese devotion to doctrine we must also understand the circumstances in which China became Communist. For China the question of ideology was foremost; something that stood above and apart from the poverty and the chaos which seemed to demand Communist surgery as the only means of operating on the ailing body of the old China. Hitherto China had always been a civilisation, not a country, and it was the beliefs of this Confucian civilisation, the foundation of all its values in Chinese thought, that now came to be questioned. If Chinese civilisation rested on a certain doctrine about the nature of man and his role and obligations in society what would happen if this doctrine was rejected? On what, then, would Chinese civilisation rest?

The serious struggle for any Chinese thinker growing up at the end of the 19th century – and especially for those who came to maturity between 1900 and 1920 – was the desperate search for a new doctrine to replace the old one in which no one could any longer believe. It was accepted that China would have to look to the West for modernisation; for all the benefits of modern science and progress. That was easy. But the beliefs – if the superiority of Chinese civilisation was again to be reasserted – were harder to find. For men like Mao, born in 1893, this was the problem. To him it is not merely a question of whether Communism works, whether the steel mills are built and the country is organised. It is supremely important that the doctrine is *true*. How else can a Chinese justify his decision to adopt a western faith except by the only possible criterion – that Marxism is the *only* true science of human development and therefore that he, Mao, had no choice but to lead China forward in the light of this belief? He is, therefore, bound to ask: 'How can the Yugoslavs be Communists if they are themselves questioning some of the doctrine?'

China's tough line was founded on the need for unity in the Communist camp. One reason why China is so concerned with unity is that her economic development depends on the aid she receives from Russia and eastern Europe. There is also a more profound reason of national feeling. Just as China's revolution over the past century is a revolution against the West, so this revolution is also a process of westernisation. But the method used has been to adopt Marxism, which the Chinese think is the most 'advanced' western doctrine. And by adopting this doctrine China links herself with these advanced European powers. There is a sense therefore in which China, though inclined towards the old isolationism and the old superiority towards the outside world, yet at the same time needs the new association which brings with it some sense of western acceptance and affinity. It is this feeling of an alliance that is provided by the Communist camp and which makes China's concern over its unity especially strong.

We see then that Peking believes itself to be better equipped by experience than Moscow to consolidate Communist doctrine and to lead the Communist camp in this ideological role. It is not far-fetched to assume that China is apprehensive over a Summit agreement which might take the western, which is to say the white and European, element of the Communist camp, back into closer association with the white and western capitalist world. The Chinese believe the Communists will conquer only if they are united and it is as much the responsibility of China as of Russia to maintain this unity.

In spreading propaganda in neutralist regimes in Asia, Africa, and in Latin America, China has been industrious. The revolution in Iraq has been enthusiastically welcomed, and this is a tide the Chinese confidently expect to continue. The Bandung policies of 1955 have not yet been altered and there seems no reason why they should be. China can look southwards and see nothing to worry about.

There remains China's attitude to the West. Can we trace any change here? Again the evidence is limited. If China is more confident than ever of the eventual triumph of Communism that would not necessarily mean any more hostile an attitude than exists at present. The questions that divide China from the United States – Formosa, the trade embargo and admission to the United Nations – will continue to be targets of propaganda, but they are not likely to lead to war – at any rate in the near future. All we can safely say is that China's interest in the lessening of world tension will be lukewarm while she herself expects to gain no benefit from it – unlike Krushchev.

The Russian Communists have had 40 years' experience of world politics and are probably as alarmed as Washington and London lest the deterrent fails to deter. But the leaders of China have exchanged the traditional isolationist philosophy of their country for a dogmatic Marxism without having tested the new doctrine in the practice of world affairs. They are brilliant men who in all that concerns international affairs are still isolated, enclosed, and supremely confident of their own righteousness. But they are not inflexible, and they may leave off talking nonsense about winning a world war if they have the chance of winning the diplomatic war in the United Nations.

London Diary

One of the publicity stunts for a new horror film is the offer of free insurance in case you die of fright. Hardened critics who have seen these nasty fantasies say that one is much more likely to die of laughter. But the creepy-crawlies undoubtedly bring in the audience. In the past few months, box-office takings have jumped at cinemas which offer a gruesome bill of fare: the big circuits are so impressed by this change for the better that one or two of them will only book normal films if an H movie is offered with it. The Rank Organisation, which used to refuse H films, now welcomes them. Few people who were adult in the war are likely to be pleased by the sight of human beings driven to an extremity of fear and suffering, of monsters from the nightmare subconscious of Hollywood, or of grotesques from the cruder kind of science-fiction. But many young people evidently respond to this vicarious brutality, just as they lap up films and books about the war they missed. What is it that gives violence such an appeal when the world outside the darkened cinema is so full of violence? Are those who flock to any movie with an H certificate in fact escaping from a world which is hard to bear by pretending to themselves that it is all a grim fantasy, in which the real and the imaginary horror cannot be distinguished, and need not be? I don't know. But I believe that the movie magnates have tapped some deep spring of mass psychology. If we understood what makes the queue plank down its half-crowns, we might understand more about contemporary politics.

* * *

No one – certainly no journalist – could help liking Brendan Bracken. I shall never forget how he transformed the Ministry of Information from a pompous, absurd, obstructive institution into a really lively and useful port of call. Here all his good qualities came out. His talent for 'public relations' worked wonderfully – even if, after a time, one became impatient with so large a mixture of blague and blarney. He fought against the smoothies, the stuffed-shirts and brass-hats; he thought that news should be published unless there was a very good reason against. He was against the suppression of the *Daily Worker*, and opposed Morrison's 'warning' to the *Daily Mirror*. He 'handled' Americans and inquisitive neutrals with superb skill. Accustomed to bureaucratic reticence, his apparent indiscretion delighted them. His technique was to talk

vivaciously and continuously; since he was known to be intimate with Winston, people began by believing what he said. The truth, I believe, is that he was known to be naturally indiscreet, and so was excluded from the inner councils directing the war. Instead he was nightly fed with gossip and encouraging rumours by Winston who always liked talking till 3 a.m. Brendan had, therefore, plenty of encouraging news for the provincial journalists, who came up in batches to Bloomsbury. He was a tall man with a winning voice, a most engaging air of frankness, and a close crop of curly red hair. On one occasion a despairing journalist, completely exasperated by the improbability of Bracken's information, said: 'Everything about you, Mr Bracken, is phoney; even your hair, which looks like a wig, is really your own'.

* * *

I was properly shocked to hear the other day that the *Hindu* had had to suspend publication from 6-11 August. I believe this is the first time that this dignified paper hasn't appeared for 80 years except for one day's voluntary suspension during the war. Its status in India is rather like that of a conservative *Manchester Guardian*. I hadn't seen anything about this event in the British press, but inquiry has elicited some very odd facts. There was a strike amongst the minority of the *Hindu's* workers. The rights and wrongs of that I don't know. Picketing outside the building became far from peaceful. Members of the staff were beaten up; workers were prevented from entering and supplies from outside were cut off. Finally the veteran editor, Mr Srinivasan, who is a Brahmin, decided not to publish. His complaint is that the police connived at this violent interference. Why? The strikers and their lawless champions were Congress men who no doubt disliked the *Hindu's* politics. (I note that nothing of this sort has yet happened in Communist Kerala!) But the deeper reason is surely the fierce anger that has grown up in Southern India, especially in Madras, against all Brahmins. In the past they have had things too much their own way; they represent a past domination which is resented by all the lower castes. Nowadays the law is the same for all, and many Brahmins are poor. But the taint of superiority remains. Sometimes you can hear Indians talk about Brahmins with the half-jocular resentment we reserve for Etonians. But it goes much deeper than that, and the significance of the *Hindu's* suspension would seem to be that for the first time the anti-Brahminical feeling has spilled over into the capital-and-labour struggle.

* * *

As Barbara Wootton says, what the Wolfenden Committee put 'between the covers of the Blue Book, can never again be quite as shocking as before they said it'. That remarkable publication, the *British Journal of Delinquency*, takes this for granted in its current issue, which is devoted to the problem of homosexuality. Its complexity lies in its relation to society. It is not a disease that can be isolated and treated apart from the social forces around it, but is itself, in a way which we do not fully understand, a product of the largely unconscious forces that govern public opinion about it. For this reason the most arresting piece in this symposium – from doctors, psychiatrists and social workers – is M. François Lafitte's study of Homosexuality and the Law, which is mainly a brief exposition of the social history of homosexuality in England. He illustrates the irrationality of public opinion by a quotation from W. T. Stead: 'If Oscar Wilde, instead of indulging in dirty tricks of indecent familiarity with boys and men, had ruined the lives of half a dozen innocent simpletons of girls, or had broken up the home of his friend by corrupting his friend's wife, no one could have laid a finger upon him. . . . If all persons guilty of Oscar Wilde's offences were to be clapped into gaol, there would be a very surprising exodus from Eton and Harrow, Rugby and Winchester, to Pentonville and Holloway'. He also explains that on one occasion an effort to change the law was killed by the House of Lords because at the last minute the Commons had managed to include in it, without debate, and in response to some 'anti-vice' group, a provision to send Lesbians to prison. He shows that even the Wolfenden Report suffered from emotional inconsistencies; it did not dig nearly far enough into the social causes of homosexuality.

* * *

One of the best friends of this journal died suddenly this week. Since 1931 Stanley Wicken has looked after this journal at the Cornwall Press. He regarded it as peculiarly his child; no trouble was too great to lavish upon it. It was a matter of personal pride that, however troublesome editorial changes of mind might be, the paper should never miss the trains. He took part with characteristic humour in the broadcast that celebrated our 25th anniversary in 1956, and I remember his delight when the anonymous winner of the first prize in our 'Faith and Reason' essay competition in 1954 turned out to be his son. I shall miss his customary inquiry, when we are running close to the deadline, 'Are we going to get there?'

* * *

One of the victims of the 'Titoist' trials in 1949 was Eugen Loebl, who was formerly deputy-minister of foreign trade in Czechoslovakia. He was one of the group tried with Slansky, and he was sentenced to hard labour for life. I always regarded his case as particularly vile; I recall so well an evening with him in Prague ten years ago when he was introduced to me as one of Czechoslovakia's leading planners and economists. He was, as I recollect him, a sane and honest man, loyally giving his life to the task of building a Socialist Czechoslovakia. A couple of years ago—when the other survivors of the Slansky affair were being released—officials in Prague told foreign journalists that Loebl had also been 'rehabilitated'. This, I gather, was untrue: he was brought out of the mines but he was kept in jail. This may not be a hopeful moment to press for his release, but I think that the record should show that the Czechs never released the most prominent survivor of the Slansky frame-up.

* * *

From the way Mr Dulles scurries round attending to every detail of policy – in Washington they say that the State Department is merely the place where the Secretary changes his shirt before he goes to see the President – I've often suspected that he belonged to the 'for-want-of-a-nail-the-shoe-was-lost' school of politics. Now, after the Chi-Chi affair, I am quite sure. Chi-Chi is one of the four pandas in captivity: two are in Peking, one in Moscow, and Chi-Chi has been drawing the crowds in East Berlin while waiting for the US authorities to give her an entry permit. But no permit will be given. Chi-Chi is an 'illegal import' within the meaning of the American embargo on trade with Communist China. The matter went right the way up to Mr Dulles. 'On political grounds' he refused to make a precedent – fearing, perhaps, that the panda might be followed by other dangerous travellers from China, such as the Abominable Krushchev and the Wily Mao.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Once a nuclear bomb has dropped in your area it is unlikely that there will ever be another in the district, says Dr G. D. Kersley, consulting physician at the Royal National Hospital for Rheumatic Diseases, Bath.

Writing in this week's *British Medical Journal*, he suggests that this is one 'reassuring' point which might be told the public to reduce panic during a nuclear war.—*Bath & Wilts Chronicle & Herald.* (J. C.)

A Titled person required to add distinction to the Board of a Wine Company. No responsibility, investment or participation. Firm very sound. —Advt. in *The Times*. (M. I. Machin.)

The hounds behaved perfectly even though the roads around Cloutsham had been thoroughly sprayed with chemical. 'They only had a Flit gun, the sort of thing we used in India to keep the mosquitos off', said the master. 'The hounds paid no attention to it whatsoever'.—*The Times*. (W. E. Pigott.)

I wish to draw attention to the growing practice of allowing display models to remain unclothed in women's gown shops during window changing. Several shops in the City persist in doing this despite protests I have made to the managements concerned.

It is most embarrassing to be confronted by half a dozen nude models when shopping. Surely it requires little effort to drape a cloth over these 'dummies' . . . I recall that when my mother owned a gown shop prior to World War I, all model dressing was done in a room at the rear of the shop.—Letter in *Evening Chronicle* (Newcastle). (Katherine Levine.)

Sludge

Activated Sludge, Ltd, will be occupying the former premises of the Conservative Central Office at Abbey House.

Of sewage flocculated
And filter beds I sing;
The sludge is aerated –
O sludge, where is thy sting?
The sludge will be translated
To humus, I should judge,
And the glory of the Tory
Into Activated Sludge.

For soil conservation
Conservatives should thank
The forced aeration
Of the activating tank;
I cannot think the nation
So graceless as to grudge
Macmillan's gang of villains
For the Activated Sludge.

Macmillan was a publisher,
Like Heinemann or Jarrolds
But all the other Houses were
Inferior to Harold's;
To Abbey House from Westminster
It isn't far to trudge –
O, Nemesis! The premises
Of Activated Sludge!
Fill up Fleet
And Downing Street
With Activated Sludge –
Percolated, saturated,
Activated Sludge.

REGINALD REYNOLDS.

Who Rules France?

NEXT Wednesday, General de Gaulle will table the final text of the constitution of the Fifth Republic. Five weeks later it will be submitted to a referendum. The General himself will lead the electoral campaign to obtain a favourable verdict, beginning with a tour of Algeria on 23 August. The Parisians will not have the privilege of hearing him descant on the virtues of his new constitution until 4 September. Why, you may ask, has Algeria got priority? Is it more important for the General to convince the electors across the Mediterranean than those in the Metropolis? Or does he believe that the Algerians will raise more objections than the Parisians? Nobody who knows what is really going on in the government today would answer yes to these questions. The General will begin his electoral campaign in Algeria simply because now, more than ever, he is under an obligation to gratify – symbolically, if not materially – the appetites of the men who carried him to power.

General de Gaulle's subjection to the men of the 13 May appears so surprising to some of his left-wing admirers, and so little in character with his reputation for stubbornness and self-will that it is by no means easy to remove the common illusion about his determination to restore order in Algeria. Nevertheless every day the evidence of his powerlessness accumulates. As weeks go by one incident after another – some minor, some important – prove that in Algeria the writ of Paris simply does not run. There, the real masters are the group of colonels around General Salan. The extraordinary story of Colonel Bigeard, and the abortive attempt by Paris to raise the price of petrol in Algeria, are two cases in point.

During the Indo-China war, Colonel Bigeard became a legendary hero of the Little Man. Throughout the seven year struggle in Vietnam he was always in the thick of the fight, and he played a distinguished role as a parachute commander in the tragedy of Dien Bien Phu. Press, television and newsreels made him into an international star, and for most Frenchmen he became a symbol of the army's elite – *les paras*. When the Algerian war began, Bigeard once more played a notable part in some of the fiercest mountain engagements. But the colonel, strange as it may seem, was not anxious to collect a further row of medals in consequence of a further Dien Bien Phu. Hence, for some considerable time, he has been an outspoken critic of the methods employed by the army to end the Algerian revolt. To be sure, he was by no means alone in this, but his criticisms differed radically from those of Generals Salan, Massu and Co. Where they were preoccupied with the seizure of power in Paris, Bigeard was concerned with winning the war. In the last few weeks this difference came into the open.

Last spring, Colonel Bigeard sent his immediate superiors, and also the Ministry of Defence in Paris, a critical analysis of the tactics adopted by the Algerian High Command. Its system of *quadrillage* – that is to say, the division of the entire country into fixed squares each of which is occupied by an immobile detachment of troops – he described as quite absurd. Its only result was to allow the rebels to hold down an immense French army, each segment of which was always on the defensive. As he wrote to Pierre Clostermann – who afterwards repeated it in the National Assembly – only 20,000 out of 600,000 troops were available for offensive operations. These, of course, were the paratroops he himself commanded – popularly known as *les Bigeards*. In his opinion there seemed no reason why it should always be the same troops who actually did the fighting – and in roughly equal numbers to their adversaries – while hundreds of thousands of infantry looked on, with folded arms.

Not surprisingly, Generals Salan and Massu were furious at Bigeard's memorandum. Under pressure from them, M. Chaban-Delmas, the Defence Minister in the Gaillard government, relieved Bigeard of his command and posted him to the training school at Philippeville. His unit, the third parachute regiment, was given to Colonel Trinquier, the most extreme and politically minded of the senior commanders. It was Trinquier and his men who directed the seizure of power in Algiers by the army on 13 May. Colonel Bigeard refused to have anything to do with the uprising or to become a member of any of the Committees of Public Safety – to the great surprise of his admirers among the paratroops. But although Bigeard disapproved of the political aspects of the coup, he hoped and believed that it would yield military dividends. He thought that the army, freed from the restraints of the politicians of the 'system', would at last be able either to adopt effective methods against the rebels or to make peace with them. Yet two and a half months after General Salan was invested with full powers in Algeria, the military situation had not only failed to improve but in some areas had actually deteriorated. And this led to the second act of the drama.

In an interview which he gave on 30 July to *Paris-Presse*, Colonel Bigeard repeated word for word his earlier criticisms of the high command. Indeed, he went further. He himself, the symbol of the parachutists, denounced what he called *le mythe des paras*. The paratroop, he said, 'is nothing more than a brave chap who jumps from time to time'. He also made a number of allusions – highly critical in tone – to the men who, by threatening to land paratroops in France, had attempted to establish a dictatorship. 'Speaking for myself,' he said, bluntly, 'I don't like dictatorships.'

The next day General Salan, who saw himself as the principal target of these criticisms, ordered Bigeard to deny the interview and to give him a personal apology. The colonel categorically refused. Then for five days the third and final act of the drama was played out. Salan requested de Gaulle to remove once and for all the most famous parachute leader from Algeria. Logically, the Prime Minister should have rejected such a demand. Is he not the champion of those soldiers who still refuse to play politics? Was this not a first-rate opportunity to use Bigeard, whom nobody can accuse of defeatism or lack of patriotic spirit, and who enjoys a unique prestige among the junior officers, to break the power of Salan, Massu and Co. If de Gaulle really were the 'supreme arbiter', entirely free in his movements and concerned only with the national interest, it is quite clear that he would have seized this almost miraculous chance to restore the authority of the state in Algeria. The answer, of course, is that he is not. And that is why, on 5 August, Colonel Bigeard was sent on leave and recalled to France.

Another little story reveals the extent to which de Gaulle is a prisoner of his Algerian friends. Since, in the course of his recent visit to Algeria, he repeated in all his speeches that there is only one France, stretching 'from Dunkirk to Tamanrasset' it seemed a little strange that Frenchmen in Dunkirk should pay 7s. 4d. for a gallon of petrol while Frenchmen in Algeria should pay only 4s. And since, in any case, the government is in need of new revenue, the Ministry of Finance announced last week that the price of petrol in Algeria would be raised by 2s. a gallon. The Algerians were still in a privileged position *vis-à-vis* the Metropolis, but at least here was a real sign that integration had at last begun. To everyone's astonishment, the next day M. Soustelle categorically denied the Finance Ministry's statement, which he described as 'without foundation'. Since then there has been no more talk of raising the price of petrol in Algeria.

What are these mysterious chains which prevent General de Gaulle from taking any decision, even of a minor administrative nature, which threatens the interests of the men of Algiers? It is not necessary to go into details. They put him into power and he is now paying his debts to them – not out of gratitude but because he cannot do otherwise. In France itself there is no popular support for Gaullisme. If the threat of a civil war recedes, if the *mythe des paras* disappears, the future of the regime which de Gaulle is in course of constructing will be immediately imperilled. Of course the Gaullisme of the Algerian strong men is merely a façade behind which are concealed objectives quite different from those of the General. But unable to do anything else, he has no alternative but to ignore the real intentions of his colleagues of 13 May and to give them everything they wish. In these circumstances the referendum of 28 September is not a choice between the Fourth Republic and General de Gaulle, but simply between parliamentary democracy and a military dictatorship, conducted jointly, in the first instance, by the men of Algiers and the old leader of the Free French, and perhaps eventually by the men of Algiers alone.

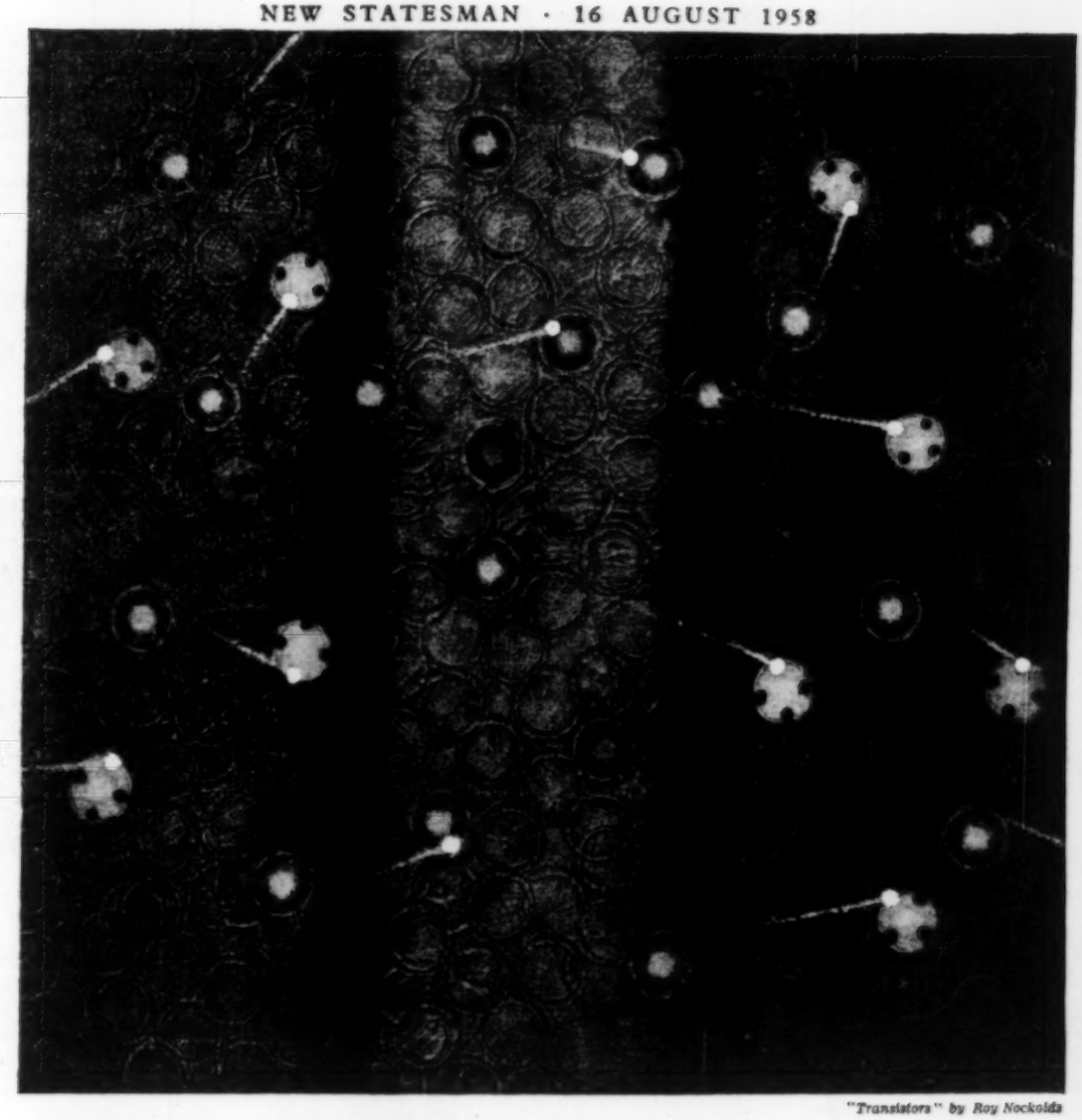
Paris K. S. KAROL

Automatic Talking

THE voice asked: 'How are you, baby?' It did not sound as though it really cared about baby's well-being. How could it? It was not a human voice but that of a machine, a complicated piece of apparatus called the speech-synthesiser: a tall board with more than a hundred coloured switches, knobs, and lights for controlling the quality of electro-magnetic impulses which are then amplified to become audible sounds in the loudspeakers. Mr Peter Denes, of the Department of Phonetics, University College, London, the creator of the machine, re-set the knobs and switches according to a carefully prepared 'score' in his hand, and out came another question: 'Where are you, sir?' – spoken by the same extra-human voice and with a strange lack of interest in the gentleman's whereabouts in its tone. It was the true voice of a robot.

In another room I found a companion machine – the automatic talk-writer. While the speech-synthesiser converts electro-magnetic impulses into audible speech, the talk-writer converts the spoken language into electro-magnetic impulses and makes them operate an electric typewriter. There it was, hacking out obediently the simple words spoken by a voice from a tape recorder, or at least trying hard to get them right, like an eager but not very bright schoolboy. It did quite well when told to type 'cat' or 'firm', writing the words as *kat* and *ferm* in its own phonetic spelling; but occasionally it went, so to speak, off the rails with some highly capricious rendering such as *tefak* for 'farmer' or *mufen* for 'learn,' for no apparent reason. But it is only six years old, as Mr Denes will point out, and there is no reason why its spelling should not improve with the passing years.

At first sight, the purpose of making a machine



"Transistors" by Roy Nockolds

Gazing into the crystal

Modern crystal gazers can now foretell the future with some accuracy—if the crystals into which they are gazing are those of germanium or silicon.

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speak in the fashion of a mechanical doll does not seem very clear; for the talk-writer, however, one can visualise a practical application in the form of an automatic typist – you speak your text into a microphone and the machine types it out. But there is a good deal more to these studies, which are also pursued at other research institutes throughout the world, such as the Bell Telephone Laboratories, the Radio Corporation of America, and probably in Russia.

Human speech is a rather complex thing. It consists of a mixture of high and low notes ranging over no less than seven octaves. What we recognise as words are the sounds called overtones, or harmonics, sounds which are superimposed on the 'musical' note produced by our vocal chords. When we want to transmit speech electrically with what the records fans call high fidelity we must aim at reproducing in the receiver as many of these overtones as possible, from the highest to the lowest. Or, in technical language: we must transmit a wide range of frequencies. Deep sounds have frequencies of only one or two hundred cycles, or vibrations, per second, while high sounds have many thousands. Our broadcasting service reproduces a fair range, but on the telephone we get frequencies only from about 500 to 3,500 cycles, which is no more than 2-3 octaves. We can afford to miss the rest; we understand what is being said by the person at the other end, and do not expect high fidelity of natural speech.

In long-distance and radio telephony the width of the frequency band is of great importance. If you have a communication 'channel' with a band width of, say, one million cycles per second you can accommodate in it about 300 telephone conversations simultaneously, each of them with a range of 3,000 cycles. But if you succeed in whittling that range down to 1,500 cycles you can double the number of conversations which can be carried on at the same time without disturbing one another. Further substantial economies in the very considerable cost of laying telephone lines could be achieved by converting the original speech into some kind of simplified 'code' of only a few dozen signals, transmitting these signals to the receiving end, and converting them back into speech for the benefit of the listener.

What is needed for this purpose is a machine which recognises the elements of natural speech and turns them into simple signals, and another machine which converts these signals back into intelligible spoken language. Take, for instance, the sound 'cat': Machine No. 1 recognises it, and sends the corresponding signals down the line; at the other end, Machine No. 2 – the speech synthesiser – produces the corresponding sound by electro-magnetic means, and out comes the word 'cat', though not in the individual tone colour of the original speaker.

This is one of the main objects of the work going on at the Department of Phonetics under the guidance of its director, Dr D. B. Fry, and under the technical supervision of Mr Denes. The talk-writer, when fully developed, may one day find a place in the businessman's office or the writer's study, but that will be no more than a by-product of the team's research work. For the time being the emphasis is on speech recognition, the most formidable of their tasks; the typed words merely show where the machine succeeds or fails.

The road to success looks rather long and arduous, and it is indeed a technical miracle that the talk-writer gets about 50 to 70 per cent. of the words right. What a variety of sounds there is to recognise! Consider only the English language (although the machine would not be perfect if it boggled at being addressed in some foreign tongue): a Cockney, an American, a Scotsman, an old man, or a little girl – they may all speak English, but the sounds they produce are very different indeed. In order not to present the speech-recogniser with an impossible task it is at present being talked to only by three people, who have recorded 140 words on tape, speaking as monotonously as they were able to manage. The next step will be to find out how the machine behaves when being addressed by other voices. It will never, of course, master the eccentric spelling of present-day English.

The job of recognition is carried out by sending the impulses from the microphone through a large number of circuits, or 'filters', each of which responds only to one particular sound impulse according to its overtone structure, loudness, and duration. Pitch is ignored for the time being. But the impulse also 'triggers off' what is called the linguistic knowledge rack, corresponding roughly to the memory part of an electronic brain. Here, the previous sound is 'kept in mind' and when making its final decision the machine draws on its 'built-in' knowledge of what sound is likely to follow. For instance, the knowledge rack knows that 'k' is unlikely to be followed by 't' or 'f'. As soon as the identity of sound has been determined the impulse is passed on to the typewriter, where it activates the corresponding key or keys.

Even before every office gets its talk-writer our telephones may shed their dials, and we may return to the ancient system of speaking the numbers we want to call. Only there will be no human ear to listen, no fingers to work the plugs; it will all be done by electronics. For this purpose, the speech-recogniser will have to distinguish merely between ten numbers. One may also visualise an automatic lift with no buttons to press but a microphone to speak into; or an electronic computer listening attentively to the verbal instructions given by its human operator: 'Do this. . . . Remember that' – or whatever phraseology man and machine may develop for their intercourse in the future.

EGON LARSEN

Why no Gastronomer Royal?

IS IT TIME a Gastronomer Royal was appointed? Are we to muddle along with nobody to tell us what is approved eating—sorry, dietary intake? Can we go on eating bread, for instance, if no one tells us we may?

With simply terrific respect, yes. And anyway, confirmed bread-addicts now have scientific backing. In our benighted way, it seems we have hit on a good thing in bread. It is, say the pundits, tremendously nourishing. In other words, it's good for you. According to a recent report*, in the average diet, bread and flour provide more energy, more protein, more nicotinic acid, more iron and more Vitamin B_1 than any other single food.

As basic foods go, bread's the cheapest one going. In terms of food value per penny, it's the best you can get. A nutritional bargain, in fact.

So make sure your family eats plenty of bread every day—good and fresh.

*National Food Survey Committee Report, 1956 (page 133) published by H.M.S.O.
In 1956, bread and flour provided, in the average diet, 24·7% of the energy; 26·3% of the protein; 26·9% of the Vitamin B_1; 24·2% of the nicotinic acid; 21% of the iron.

Note: All flour contains—per 100 grams of flour: Vitamin B_1—not less than 0·24 milligrams. Nicotinic Acid—not less than 1·60 milligrams. Iron—not less than 1·05 milligrams.

ISSUED BY THE FLOUR ADVISORY BUREAU, 21 ARLINGTON STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

The Weather and the Crops

OUT of the wicked summer of south England, the flooded crops and rain-beaten grass, the train ran into bright sunshine beyond York. Edinburgh was baking. Flying over from Renfrew to Campbeltown I could see the stripped hay-fields, pale and pleased as new-shorn faces, even the tractors and men working. I was eager to get at my own hay, and sure enough there they were in the field at seven in the evening. 'Two minutes to change!' I shouted over the fence, threw my town clothes all over the room, and then I was back at the hay and the feel of a hay fork in my hands and my muscles stretching again.

The whole field had been cut and turned once, lovely, sweet hay with red clover thick through it. In a few places it had gone down, and had cut badly, but, once we could get the ricks off, the beasts would make short work of that. And there was the new tractor, the Massey-Ferguson which had only just arrived the week before, the day I went south. I had turned in my old one, while it was still good. The only thing I had against it was that it had a starter against which one needed to jam one's ankle while one tugged at the gear lever with both hands; somehow my ankles aren't built right for that. This has a hood, a car type self starter and various other improvements.

Lachlan, Eddie and Colin were there, and Wal had come over from Airds to help. When I thanked him, he growled that it was a pleasure, delicately adjusting the last forkful that crowns the conical rick and which makes all the difference to whether it will shed the rain during the two or three weeks it is standing out and maturing. Some people put split sacks over the tops of their ricks, anchored at the corners, but I feel that is a confession of partial failure. A rick should stand on its own. One cross ropes it, pulling out a wisp of hay near the bottom, twisting it as one does so, as at the start of a hay rope, tightens the end of the stack rope round it and then shoves the twisted end right into the stack and slightly upwards so that it holds.

It is curious how from year to year a manual skill remains in one, though I often think nowadays – for how many years? Given that we do not contaminate the atmosphere with radio-active products so that any green growing thing after rain is a menace. Twice already before this, in as long a ley as I can manage with the fields I have for rotation, I have taken first-year hay off this field, the Middle Park, between the two old drives. Another long rotation, possibly two, before rheumatism and age weaken my back completely, making it no longer a pleasure to lift a good forkful of sweet hay and twist the tines over for delivery with so little effort or thought and such assurance of the skilled action that one is free all the time to smell the hay, the cut ends of the grass underfoot and one's companions at work with the summer sweat running. I miss only the old smell of horse dung, for Jo is too old to go

in the rake now, and besides we have the new side-turner.

'How long shall we go on?' I say, and Lachlan says, smiling: 'That's up to you'. There was a good weather forecast but I feel we might work on and manage the half of the field that had the heavier crop. The worst of it is that the midges are working overtime too, and there is nothing one can put on that will beat a hard-working Highland midge. It is nearly nine by the time we have finished 17 ricks. It will take only a short day for us to get the rest of the field up.

I go in and wash my hair, then think I must get down to the Bay and talk to the Scout camps. We have one camp after another here in summer, anything from Boys' Brigade to the Young Communists. The little field in front of the house, always called the Cricket Field from days long past, is terribly light soil in spite of my efforts to better it, working with controlled grazing so as to enrich the grass. When it was ploughed this spring, I was even afraid it would blow. But now the oats, though a little patchy, are not at all bad. If it had been a dry season I might have had a repetition of one year when the stalks were so short that the binder couldn't catch them. But the rain has suited that field. The leaves are dark green and handsome, the heads have shot and look like threshing well.

Down in the Bay the Galloway bull-calves, well fed by their mothers since March, are playing little public school games. One of the cows is pounding with her great head at Janitor, the young bull from Ichrachan. Suddenly he plunges into attention, but she walks out from under him – the first time, anyhow. Over the wall, the second-year grass in the meadow looks full ripe. It is not so thick as the first-year crop, for the red clover dies out, though the white clover at the base increases. The turnips and potatoes look good, I can't really think why, for I said to myself, when I put the potatoes in, that their only chance in the bottom of the meadow (which used to be a very damp field, and still isn't really dry in spite of draining) was a dry season. Nor were the earlies in until well on in March. But they are cropping well, and a nice-tasting potato.

The milk cows have nearly eaten their field bare, but we were told to keep them out of the other field for three weeks after the spraying. I had hoped to get the thistles out of that field before it was next under crop. I have painful memories of thistles in the sheaves! But I am not sure how much good the spraying did. The thistles and benny-weed look bent and uncomfortable, but are firmly going to flower. The dockens have twisted and shrivelled, but I don't put it past a big dock root to come alive again next year. What have been most affected by the spray are the ordinary daisies, the plantains and silverweed and, alas, the clover. I have been spraying my ley corn regularly now and usually one other field, but I don't see much change in the general weed situation. There is nothing yet like the near weedlessness of the regularly sprayed Danish farmland.

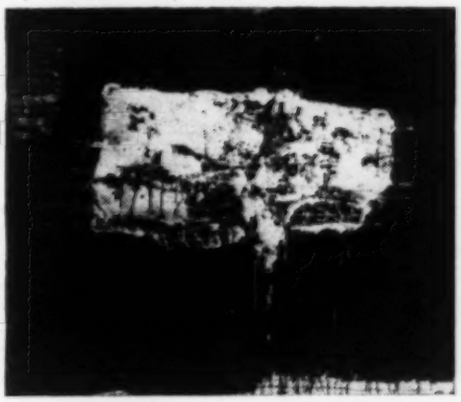
Naturally, the rain caught up with us early the next morning. We say now, if only we'd thought to put the turned hay into coils! But I would have made the same decision as Lachlan, to turn and leave. It is not hard rain, just the wee, odd shower that wets everything just when one thinks that in half an hour it will be dry. Yet it's bound to be fine soon, isn't it, and at least one's mind is on that and not on Mr Dulles and Mr Krushchev, and surely to goodness the weather and the crops give one fewer nightmares.

NAOMI MITCHISON

The Arts and Entertainment

The Banale

THE largest part of the international exhibition of the Venice Biennale is organised by an Italian committee. This year this committee has been much criticised for its very obvious bias towards abstract art, and has been accused of provincialism. Lionello Venturi, the art historian, and grand old man of Italian criticism, has leapt to its defence by stating that the best artists of the last 60 years have been abstract, and that anyway the pavilions organised by other countries show the same bias – the implication being that they can't all be provincial. But the truth is that they can be



Painting, by Manuel Millares

and are. The satirists are justified in calling this Biennale *The Banale*.

Let us be clear about the issues involved. (It is worth it because in this exhibition one can read the political future of the world; it may lack masterpieces but it is full of unconscious revelations and portents.) It is not – and never has been – a question of all abstract art being fundamentally opposed to figurative art. No student of twentieth-century European culture can reasonably deny that certain abstract artists have contributed to the development of painting, sculpture and architecture. The division now is between those artists who have a sense of responsibility and those who have not; or, to put it another way, between those artists whose view of life can sustain a minimum faith in the value of human exchange, and those whom alienation has made pathological. Abstract art has long since ceased to be an affair of pure 'aesthetics'. The ivory tower has now become the padded cell – which implies 'provincialism' carried to its absolute extreme.

Thousands of works now at Venice – works from the USA, Germany, Italy, Holland, France – have one image in common: the image of muck, of garbage. Nor am I making a judgment when I say that: I am being literal. One walks from gallery to gallery to look at the forms of decay and the dirt of putrefaction. Because words can so easily become subjective, we publish a photograph of a typical painting to convince readers of the truth of this. Other canvases have open holes torn in them, others have gauze stuffed into their gashes, others are overlaid with cement, others consist of nothing but one thick coating of the same colour which has been artificially made to crack and peel. Again, however, one must protest tolerance in order to make credible the absolute decadence of the phenomenon one is discussing. There is no reason why painters should not use new materials and 'play' with the surface of their pictures; the Braque retrospective exhibition is here to justify such activities – in one of his most beautiful still lifes he has mixed sand with his pigment. But we are now discussing something in a completely different category. We are discussing not additions but violations. And if one single proof of the hopeless, indulgent decadence of these works is needed, it lies in the fact that quite obviously the vast majority of them will not – physically – endure for more than a couple of years. They are not objects that have been made, they are objects that have been used – like cigarette butts, broken bottles or – most suitably of all – old contraceptives.

I have on other occasions tried to explain the social and psychological factors which have made this kind of non-art possible. It does, of course, reflect unconsciously, and entirely passively, a reality: the reality of the fears, the cynicism, the human alienations that are accompanying the death throes of imperialism. It reflects, passively, the reality of our own Mau Mau superstitions, rituals and crimes – a reality against which the African Mau Mau was only a counter-measure. Yet we cannot, with complacent satisfaction, leave the argument there: partly because the West is not truly represented by its imperialism – there are also all the opposition movements; and partly because this non-art is now being exported. The Spanish pavilion is almost entirely devoted to it, and it is beginning to appear in the Polish and Yugoslav pavilions. It is exportable because it appeals to that destructive egotism which every artist has to face as a temptation within himself; it gives the sacred value of art to his smallest gesture – even to the imprint of his thumb – and to the most petty of his ideas.

This pettiness, this poverty and 'thinness' of ideas and aims is the most striking characteristic of the present cultural atmosphere of the West, even where the final decline into non-art has not taken place. Even in the galleries where abstract

Man, Flowers and Peace, by Hamed Euess

art still has a certain decorative function or where the works are still figurative, one has the impression that each artist has desperately searched for some little novelty of his own and then been content to mass-produce it and market it. The most extreme example of this gimmick mentality is a painting which simply consists of the Stars and Stripes as they appear on the American flag. A more serious and therefore tragic example is that of the highly talented English sculptor, Kenneth Armitage. He has hit upon the idea of making the torsos of his figures look like table tops, so that the legs and arms stick out like the limbs of a man in the stocks. Certainly it has a surprise value which generates a superficial emotion. But after a while one thinks: if only this man could use his talent, if only he was free, if only he wasn't compelled to turn out gimmicks! Yet who compels him?

There is the irony. For the art of the self-styled Free World is quickly becoming the most cramped and limited art ever produced. By comparison the Soviet pavilion, which is full of old-style Stalinist works, is rich and various and ingenious. Admittedly the richness is literary and visually the Russian paintings are very sentimental; admittedly they are painted with clichés distributed by bureaucrats. But if one has to choose between the unimaginativeness of bureaucrats there, and the fantasies of the sick . . .?

In fact, for questions of art, one does not have to make that choice. Among the 500 or so artists on show at Venice there are perhaps a dozen who were possibly born with no more talent than their fellow exhibitors but who encouragingly remind us that art is independent to exactly the same degree as it discloses reality. There are Kewal Soni, Indian sculptor; Padamsee, Indian painter; Ivan Peries, Ceylonese painter; Raul Anguiano, Mexican follower of Rivera; Brusselmans of Belgium; Ichiro Fukuzawa, Japanese expressionist. And then there is the pavilion of the United Arab Republic. Only occasionally do history and art correspond with one another as directly as they do here; but it remains a fact that this pavilion is the most affirmative and vital of all in the 1958 Biennale. I do not, of course, mean that geniuses have appeared overnight in Cairo. What makes these works outstanding is that they affirm. They are not defensive treaties. Men came before things. Their language is largely traditional. Its sun-dyed colours, its expressive use of decorative silhouettes and its easy and unselfconscious simplifications derive from traditional Egyptian art and design. Yet it is the art of the West that appears by contrast not only to be academic but also, in the context of the emerging twentieth-century world, finished, exhausted, outlived.

If I had to choose from this exhibition one work to represent for the world as a whole the image of man, I would unhesitatingly choose the painting by Hamed Euess (born in 1920 in Beni Soeuf) reproduced here. It has faults. For example, the simplifications of the background and middle distance are not rigorous enough to balance the statuesque simplification of the figure. For example, the drawing of the shoulder on the right is too literal and too tame to support the hand holding the pot against the torso: one ought to be able to find in that shoulder the beginning of the whole force of the forward movement of the arm, and one cannot. Yes, it has faults, even serious ones. But do we simply conclude from this that Euess isn't a Rivera or a Léger and leave it at that? Shall we explain everything in terms of that nineteenth-century invention – genius? Or shall we think instead? At least one of the reasons why this painting partly fails is that the artist is clearly inexperienced. He has had little opportunity of learning. He has inherited a certain amount, as I've already said, but where are the new examples to which he can look to learn? The contrast between the two pictures reproduced here has many consequences. The non-art of our time is not only futile in itself; it is also actively destructive. It betrays and undermines the great discoveries of modern European art and so robs all artists of clear examples from which a modern tradition might be built. There is almost nothing to learn from the Biennale because most of the artists who are setting constructive examples have been excluded. But perhaps in the end some will learn from that.

JOHN BERGER

Machine Aesthetes

You don't have to be very clever to find a link between the New Brutalists and the Angry Young literaries, but you don't do yourself much good in the process. Unlike Angries Unanimous, who are as English and as dated as last week's pools coupons, the Brutalists are not parochial. Their name came from Scandinavia in the first instance, and although it is claimed particularly by an English team of Redbrick extraction – Alison and Peter Smithson – the ideas they deploy are of live international currency, and have been effective in wrecking modern architecture's first world-wide organisation of father-figures, *les Congrès Internationaux d'Architecture Moderne* – CIAM for short.

A more instructive comparison would be with that junior revolutionary movement in sculpture that has no name, but has been identifiable in England since the Paolozzi-Turnbull exhibition at the Hanover Gallery in 1950, and rather longer on the Continent. Aspects of this movement have been called *l'art brut*, and there have been phases of close collaboration between the Smithsons and Paolozzi, but there remains a vital difference. The aims of the young sculptors are, or were, 'to kick Henry Moore in the teeth' (I quote), and they have resolutely rejected that æsthetic of pure form and direct carving that has hung like a millstone about the neck of English sculptors ever since Wilenski first propounded it.

The young sculptors have rejected both the forms and the theory of the Thirties; the Brutalists have rejected only the forms, on the ground that they are false to the theory; and the theory they accept in its full moralistic, functional and rationalistic rigour, as it has been accepted, more or less, by progressive architects for over a century now. They believe in uncompromising truth to materials, structure and function, and they assert, by word and deed, that what James Stirling calls the 'white architecture of the Thirties' did not.

The White Architecture was largely produced by a piece of special pleading of basic functional-rationalist doctrine in terms of (a) the idea of living in a Machine Age and (b) the idea of reinforced concrete as a material symbolic of that age. Somewhere along the line a couple of crucial æsthetic prejudices were read into the equation with results that would have gone something like this, had it been possible, psychologically, to set them down in cold print:

> This is a Machine Age.
> Machine surfaces are smooth and plain.
> Machine forms are of rule-and-compass simplicity.
> Reinforced concrete is the Machine Age material.
> *Therefore*
> Reinforced concrete has a smooth surface and must be used in rule-and-compass shapes.

The second and third propositions have never been necessarily true of machine technology, though they may have appeared so in the early Twenties, but the myth was kept alive in the Thirties, when they were manifestly untrue, by æsthetic fumbletrumpets who were for ever galloping into print with ill-drawn analogies between machinery and abstract art. In the upshot, a false æsthetic was imposed on concrete, whereas structural and material truth suggests that it should be used rough-textured in complex vault-forms.

Since the so-called Machine Æsthetic of the Thirties required it to be otherwise, the difference had to be smudged over with double-talk and white rendering. The epitome of this æsthetical nonsense was achieved at the opening of the Isokon Flats, in Lawn Road, Hampstead, one of the key monuments of the decade of white architecture and pink politics. On that celebrated occasion, the machine analogy was driven to the lengths of having a 'launching ceremony', but the bottle was not the only thing that broke, and the force of its impact dislodged a large area of the rendering, which fell on the photographers below.

Obviously this fakery could not survive, but the immediate effect of its demise was that cover-it-with-anything-you-fancy attitude manifests in a great deal of post-war design, and still visibly with us in the Espresso and Shoe-shop styles. The Brutalist and *Team Ten* connections have gone off on the opposite vector, however, and put sur-

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face coverings behind them, except where functionally indicated. Furthermore, they have been as honest about materials as one might hope an engineer would be, and they have been sufficiently courageous in their mechanistic convictions to build in brick, and to let the brick appear.

But the fact that they have rejected the Machine Æsthetic has caused certain established modern dead-heads to suppose they have rejected technological culture, and the fact that they have expressed an interest in certain movements, such as Futurism and Expressionism, that were current before the white plague paralysed architectural thought – this interest has caused other dead-heads to call the younger architects 'old-fashioned'.

Admittedly, the position is confusing for those who, on the basis of the ideas of the Thirties (which are all that you can find in the books so far), had come to think that they knew what modern architecture was all about and what it looked like. To find the junior *avant-garde* admiring with equal fervour peasant houses on Santorin, and the chrome-work on Detroit cars; the *Cutty Sark*, Chiswick house, *Camels* cigarette packs, and Le Corbusier's chapel at Ronchamp; Pollock, Paolozzi and Volkswagens – all this sounds like the complete abandonment of standards. In fact it is nothing of the sort – it is the abandonment of stylistic prejudice, and its replacement by the concept of 'the style for the job'. This abandonment opens the way for a more viable integration of design with practicalities of machine age existence.

REYNER BANHAM

Dismissed with a Caution

So variable are the standards of British television, so haphazard seems the planning of its programmes, that the critic, especially if he writes only once a week, may often be reminded of the couplet used by Mr Greene in *Brighton Rock:*

> Between the saddle and the ground
> He mercy sought and mercy found.

Between the saddle and the ground, between the conception and the delivery, between the copy and the bookstall. . . . Having wasted whole evenings in viewing meretricious rubbish, one risks a generalisation about the poor quality of summer programmes. The thing is hardly out when the critic is abashed to see, within a few hours, several programmes that hold and delight him: last Sunday on the BBC, for instance – a half-hour documentary on John Piper, the fabulous athletes of the Moscow State Circus, and a play, *The Shadow of Doubt*, which was serious in intention and movingly acted; while ITV gave us a tolerable production of *The Man of Destiny*.

Or, again, one writes disparagingly of TV's summer 'orgy of sport'. But television is never more exciting than when, in an outside broadcast, the unexpected happens or something goes wrong; and the least Turf-addicted viewer could hardly have switched off when the BBC's Harry Middleton was interviewing Mr Jack Gerber, described as a South African millionaire, just after the latter's horse, Epaulette, had won the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood at 33-1; for Mr Gerber had another horse, Idler, in the same race, and Idler was heavily backed and was, moreover, carrying Mr Gerber's first colours. Mr Middleton was speaking for thousands of punters when he expressed surprise that Epaulette should have won when Mr Gerber's first choice had been Idler. Mr Gerber: 'Well, actually it wasn't my first choice. . . .' Mr Middleton: 'I assumed it was from the fact that it carried your first colours'. Mr Gerber (fingering his collar): 'Yes, well, that was the trainer's idea. I fancied this one. . . . I backed it myself'. On which we heard the voice of Clive Graham, another expert member of the BBC's racing team, say: 'It's nice to know that somebody backed Epaulette, anyway'.

For sheer slapstick, however, it would have been hard to beat the racing at Redcar last Friday and Saturday – on Saturday in torrential rain which made the viewer feel particularly Lucretian (*'Suave mari magno . . .'*). On Friday one race was delayed for some time because a horse (named Merry King) bolted with his jockey and insisted on completing two circuits of the course alone; for a later race the same unfortunate jockey was on a horse which insisted on going down to the start very slowly, and sideways; and the result of yet another race must have given both bookies and backers heart-failure, since it was changed twice – first because the photo-finish picture was misread, then because an objection to the winner was sustained. On Saturday the first race was preceded by what the ITV commentator called 'absolute chaos': gate broken, jockeys thrown, horses with such names as Oscar's Folly and Daddy's Girl running amok, among the streaming umbrellas, on the wrong side of the fence. . . . No wonder the (and my) favourite, Anna Capri, was unplaced!

Seriously, all concerned with racing on TV – cameramen, interviewers, tipsters, commentators – do a remarkable job. Mr Graham seems to me to speak with the most encyclopædic authority, but the ITV broadcasts are preferable for one important reason: both before and after races, they report the odds – an essential part of the news which some quaint, lingering prudishness inhibits the BBC from giving, except, occasionally, by accident.

There was a curious little coincidence in Sunday's BBC TV programmes. The play already mentioned, *The Shadow of Doubt*, was about a scientist who had been imprisoned for treason (of which he was innocent) and his relations, after release, with his neighbours and friends, the most devoted of whom turned out to be the MI5 man watching him. (Some improbabilities here, and a too-glib ending.) In the afternoon *The Brains Trust* had been dealing with a related question – loyalty to a friend as against loyalty to the nation. One of those taking part was Mr Goronwy Rees: his solution, or rationalisation, of the problem was that, since one's country may be held to consist of a number of one's friends, it is merely one lot of friends against another. H'm.

TOM DRIBERG

Smell of Success

PADDY Chayevsky's is the most considerable talent yet to emerge from TV: *The Goddess* (Curzon) is his third film but the first without TV beginnings, the other two being, of course, *Marty* and *The Bachelor Party*. Then it was the fat butcher who had resigned himself, the plain girl dropped at the dance, the anguish of loneliness and the tyranny of what's-done that attracted him: in *Marty* especially he tapped new existences together with a vernacular to suit them. People never before noticed just had time, in the 50-minute TV form, to break through; the films added not only background but dramatic growth. *Marty* – and not only because it was first – brought the intimacy of TV to a larger screen with startling effect. Hadn't America, too, found its own kind of neo-realism, one devoted not to poverty

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NCT 108

and social revolution, but to the miseries, joys, doubts, and isolations of the 'only way of life'? But prosperity has its own answers to those who assail or question it. It makes them prosperous in their turn. The big film is waiting to corrupt the intimate drama; and success overtakes the interesting discoverer of failure. This is what has happened to Chayevsky in *The Goddess*. His new theme is the rebel of restless, hysterical descent; the mother, deserted by her husband, wants to dump her child and go out to enjoy life as her figure deserves. The child, sitting at the top of the stairs, overhears this betrayal. She grows up wanting love but incapable of feeling it, has two husbands, a baby and becomes a Hollywood star.

Engrossed by this development, we don't mind at all that her screen appearances and work days should be only referred to, never examined or even glimpsed. We take them on trust, because off-scene 'The Goddess' brings terrible power to her own self-destruction: she puts men behind her, has a breakdown, summons her mother to live in a palace, is converted to God, flings her mother out, abjures God, plans suicide, and ends in the care of the only person who can love and put up with her, a woman secretary-nurse. The last part of the film is a powerful study of a crazed feminine Kane; and its antecedents have duly and often dramatically planted the bad seed. Then why is it that the film as a whole disappoints only a little less than it disturbs? The answer is, I think, as already indicated, that Chayevsky himself, lifted into a new and artificial world by success, has tackled it with skills won in the crowd. He depicts hysteria because otherwise he might become smug: as, for example, can even genius in such circumstances – witness Chaplin. This is brilliant film, an ambitious film that tries to weld those 'moments of truth' to the span of a lifetime; and it ruthlessly falls short. Odd that, setting out now without the restrictions of TV, Chayevsky should achieve less of the essential fluidity of film than in previous adaptations. The selected anecdotes of childhood and adolescence, the use of the harangue-confession instead of dialogue, the reiterated pattern of daughter after mother (but is this psychologically true?), the set pieces and crafty angles don't – when we come to the end – quite add up to a film. I should add that this is failure of the most absorbing kind, and John Cromwell's direction and the performance of Kim Stanley in the chief part have force and have been measured with an exact eye.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

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13/6

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The Times

HODDER & STOUGHTON

The Method in It

THIS week and next the London Studio, who practise the famous 'method' in London, are displaying themselves at the Prince's Theatre. This, sad to say, sounded in anticipation more interesting than it turned out to be in practice. No doubt we are wrong to expect too much, for, as Mr Lee Strasberg, one of the chief exponents of the method in America, has remarked, it 'does not aim at results'. The intention of an actors' studio is to produce a kind of gymnasium to which actors can repair to flex up their muscles and keep themselves in good acting shape, and the method is primarily a series of techniques for doing this. It is not to be expected, then, that in a short while it will produce anything very startling in the way of innovation.

London Studio chose as their medium *A Hatful of Rain*, the American play about a young drug addict, which only recently was given what might be called the half-method treatment at the same theatre by Mr Sam Wanamaker. And all one can honestly say about this performance is that that earlier production of his was very much better, and very much better acted. Then again, though *A Hatful of Rain* was originally written by a method dramatist for method actors, yet the fact remains that it is a melodramatic contraption with more theatricality than truth at the heart of it, while the whole point of the method at its best is to get more and more truthful performances. The more successful the acting consequently, the less right for this kind of play. The production (Al Mulock) tried to persuade us that we are overhearing and overwatching a piece of real life, and the actors take part in it among themselves without bothering to project to the audience. Even with another kind of play this would involve a fallacy, for even the most realistic play is not life, it is an illusion trying to pass itself off as such.

In *The Unexpected Guest*, at the Duchess, Miss Agatha Christie happily returns to her favourite formula – one body and four suspects, with the slight difference that here each of them comes forward with a perfectly plausible confession. If the pattern is a little familiar, the working out is ingenious enough to keep the audience guessing, which is after all the only point of the exercise.

T. C. WORSLEY

Seven Indian Painters in Europe, at Gallery One

Two of these painters live in London, three in Paris, one in Rome; the seventh, Husain, works intermittently in Europe. The eldest of them was born in 1916, the youngest in 1931. The most talented seem to be the ones who live in London, Souza and Chandra. There is a vividness in Souza's vision which grips the attention, Ancient Mariner-wise, whatever the crudity and insufficiency of his handling of the medium. Chandra, in contrast, communicates no remarkable awareness of life but an infectious excitement in painting itself, so that we sense, for example, an almost ingenuous delight in the discovery that hills can be painted bright red. By and large, it must be admitted that what is interesting about these Indian painters does not yet lie in their work so much as in their problems. Furthermore, if some of them, notably Husain, have tackled those problems seriously, others have been content with a pseudo-synthesis of folk-lore and the dreariest sort of post-Klee academicism. And those whose efforts compel respect have these put into a false perspective by the claim which G. M. Butcher makes in the catalogue that they offer us 'suggestions that we all require for a way out of our own poverty of imagery'. Such a lead would be welcome, but it is scarcely to be found in this expressionistic storytelling.

A. D. B. S.

Correspondence

TORTURE IN ULSTER

SIR,—I have just returned from Belfast, where I was present at the trial of Kevin Mallon and Francis Patrick Talbot, accused of the murder of Sergeant Ovens of the Royal Ulster Constabulary on 17 August 1957.

Although these two 21-year-old lads were found 'Not Guilty' by the jury, there are some highly disturbing features arising from the trial connected with the torturing of the accused, originally mentioned in the issue of the NEW STATESMAN of 21 December 1957.

In his evidence at the trial Mallon stated that during 19 and 20 November last he was questioned, threatened and beaten by the police for periods of many hours, mainly during the night.

Continuing, he said that during one five-hour spell of questioning he was beaten about the face and stomach, struck over the head with a gun, and a lighted end of a cigarette was put to his lips. He was then stripped and one police officer pushed a window pole into his stomach whilst another trampled on his bare toes for some time. While he was lying on the floor naked, as a result of the beatings, one of his interrogators behaved like a maniac, crawling over him and clawing him, saying, 'I am Ovens' and laughing and shouting. He was sick when cloth soaked in a foul-smelling liquid was placed over his mouth and was told 'If you don't confess now we will keep this up until you do confess'.

Witnesses gave evidence that they saw Mallon in a police cell lying in an exhausted state, his shirt torn and his face covered with blood from his nose and mouth.

Police witnesses denied using torture but both these young men stated that it was as a result of such interrogation and beatings that they signed untrue confessions. These said that they had telephoned the police to tell them strange men had been seen at a deserted house. It was to this house that Sergeant Ovens immediately went with a party of police officers and British servicemen and was killed in an explosion.

Although these statements of the accused 'contradicted each other, were full of fantastic suggestions and were mutually destructive'—to use the words of F. Elwyn Jones, QC, MP, Counsel for the accused—they formed the sole evidence against these young men who faced the death penalty had they been found guilty.

The statements were also contradicted by witnesses who saw the accused elsewhere when the telephone call was made.

This trial must result in a considerable strengthening of your request last December for an independent inquiry into police methods in Northern Ireland. It does more, however, for when Mallon and Talbot were found 'Not Guilty' they were immediately re-arrested and placed in indefinite detention in Belfast's notorious Crumlin Road Jail. Here they joined nearly 200 other internees who are held in prison without charge, without trial and without re-

course to the Courts or Habeas Corpus. Surely this inhuman disregard of justice and civil liberty in what is, after all, part of the United Kingdom, cannot be allowed to continue without the most vigorous protest.

May I suggest that NEW STATESMAN readers immediately (1) communicate with Colonel Topping, the Northern Ireland Home Affairs Minister, requesting the release of all internees against whom there is no evidence to support a charge, and (2) communicate with their own MPs with a view to obtaining an independent public inquiry into the conduct of the Royal Ulster Constabulary towards their prisoners and the repeal of the Special Powers Acts of 1922 and 1933 under which such flagrant injustices occur.

JOHN HOSTETTLER

8 Nutfield Road
Coulsdon, Surrey

GENETICS IN RADIATION

SIR,—In your issue of 2 August you carried an article by Edita Morris on the continuing effects of the atomic bombs dropped on Japan 13 years ago. In this article it was stated 'a large number of abnormal and mentally retarded children attest to the genetic hazards of radiation. Of 32,000 children born in Hiroshima not less than 5,000, almost one in six, were deformed or stillborn. No wonder the average Japanese has become afraid of contracting marriage with survivors.'

In the *Manchester Guardian* of 7 August there appeared a statement by Dr George B. Darling, who is a member of the American-sponsored atomic bomb casualty commission. In answer to the question 'Is there any special hazard in marriage between people who have been exposed to the bomb?' he replied that no genetic effects attributed to radiation had been demonstrated as a result of the study of 70,000 Japanese families. He added that Hiroshima and Nagasaki had been full of rumours of unnatural children born to parents who were in the cities when the bombs were dropped, but no authorities have confirmed these accounts.

It is apparent that Dr Darling's statements completely contradict those of your contributor Edita Morris. I think it is important that your readers should know the true facts in this most important issue. Can someone give the facts?

J. ALLAN WATTS

"Ryecroft"
Burton, Nr. Carnforth

[We doubt if anyone can 'give the facts', which in relation to Hiroshima and Nagasaki are left uncertain in the United Nations Report. The figures Mrs Morris quotes from the statistics of the 'Imperial Japanese Atomic Research Institute' may be mistaken or exaggerated: so, as the UN Report makes clear, probably are those of Dr Darling.—ED., *NS.*]

THE BISHOPS AND THE BOMB

SIR,—It is necessary, in justice to the Archbishop of Canterbury, to point out to your correspondent, P. R. Lane, that nowhere in his comment on Philip Toynbee's book did Dr Fisher advocate the waging of a nuclear war and with it the destruction of the human race. What he did in fact recommend, in complete agreement with Toynbee, was negotiation with Russia, and he criticised our own tone as having been often far from constructive.

'The Christian party', Dr Fisher wrote, 'never ceases to speak peace and ensue it. Neither the USA nor ourselves finds that kind of humility easy.' The Archbishop ended by asking that we should negotiate with a disinterested desire to agree and a general readiness to give more than we receive 'that being almost always the best policy and certainly the best Christianity'. In the light of all this, are there any grounds for P. R. Lane's diatribe?

The theological point—whether it is within the providence of God that the human race should destroy itself in nuclear warfare—is quite another matter. The Archbishop says that, for all he knows, such destruction may be within God's providence. Can that reasonably be denied as a possibility, because who does know the will or providence of God? If we did know God's will, then many of the divisions that plague Christianity—pacifism, divorce, and episcopacy are three such issues—would immediately disappear.

Moreover, there was at least one occasion when Jesus Himself appeared to be in doubt, for how otherwise are we to interpret that shattering cry from the Cross: 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' In short, there can be no certain knowledge of God's will. We must act in faith. We believe; we do not know. Thus believing, the Archbishop proposes that the danger of the human race destroying itself in nuclear warfare should be ended by negotiation with ourselves being ready to give more than we receive. Wherein is this standpoint un-Christian? True, some of us would go further than the Archbishop and advocate immediate unilateral disarmament, but we have no justification for saying we know this to be God's will.

GEOFFREY MURRAY
Religious Correspondent

News Chronicle
London, EC4

ROCKET BASE PROTEST

SIR,—We sincerely hope that all who feel concern at the gathering momentum of the nuclear arms race will actively welcome the initiative of constituency Labour Parties and trade unions in East Anglia in organising the first on-the-spot protest against the precipitate establishment of missile bases here.

Several bases are now under construction in East Anglia and most towns and villages in the area are within 25 miles of some base. If ever these bases are put to the use for which they are intended, retaliation in an attempt to destroy them would wreck the whole area. It is against this peril that the Labour Party is rallying.

The demonstration will take place on Sunday, 24 August, when contingents from throughout East Anglia will assemble in Barton Square, Ely, at 2 p.m., and march the six miles to the missile base under construction at Mepal. A protest rally will be held at the Mepal site at 5 p.m. at which Arthur Skeffington, MP, a member of the National Executive Committee of the Labour Party, and John Horner, General Secretary of the Fire Brigades Union, will be among the speakers.

The march to Mepal rocket base is in support of the joint declaration of the Labour Party and TUC that no physical steps should be taken to set up missile bases before a fresh attempt has been made to negotiate with Russia. Many people would doubtless go further, but we hope this will not prevent them joining us on the road to Mepal.

ROBERT DAVIES
Prospective Labour Candidate, Cambridge
JOHN FEAR
Prospective Labour Candidate, Hunts
WILLIAM ROYLE
Prospective Labour Candidate, Cambs

Alex Wood Memorial Hall
Norfolk Street
Cambridge

THE MALTESE CRISIS

SIR,—The Information Adviser to H.E. the Governor of Malta in his reply to Mr Mintoff's article which appeared in your issue of 12 July, attempted to justify the Governor's action during the crisis of April 1958.

Mr Peter Hayman may be an Information Adviser. I never knew he was a constitutional authority.

Under the Malta Constitution Letters Patent, 1947, the police, not being one of the Reserved Matters, fell under the responsibility of Maltese Ministers. The Governor as representative of HM the Queen, has no right to interfere in the running of the police force, as long as the Minister responsible for the police, in this case the Prime Minister himself, is still in office. It might be argued, as Peter Hayman

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did, that the Governor is the ultimate authority responsible for the public safety, under the Constitution. The only interpretation that one may give to this contention is that the Governor could have dismissed the Minister responsible for the police and taken on himself the responsibility. But, certainly, the Governor acted unconstitutionally, if any meaning is to be given to responsible government granted under the Constitution, when he countermanded an order given by the Minister to his subordinate, while that same Minister was still kept responsible by the Governor for the maintenance of law and order.

Mr Mintoff could not have done otherwise than dismiss the Commissioner of Police for gross insubordination towards his Minister. The Commissioner of Police had two honourable courses open to him: either obey an order given to him by his Minister, or else if he felt that he could not carry out the order given him, he could have tendered his resignation. It seems that the Commissioner of Police contacted the Governor behind his Minister's back and requested him to countermand his Minister's order. At the same time, it appears that the Commissioner of Police refused to contact the Prime Minister, before he even knew what the Prime Minister wanted to talk to him about. Our conclusion was that this was a clear case of collusion between the Commissioner of Police and the Governor, in order to undermine the Prime Minister's authority.

If this is the form of self-government meted to us in the colonies, no wonder no decent person can ever elect to serve in any capacity whatsoever in the administration of his country. Peter Hayman's idea of constitutional self-government verges on the intrigues of the Colonial Office and the Palace clique. It surely is not our idea of self-government. We are either responsible or not responsible, and it is to be pitied that colonies have to labour under such misconceptions of self-rule.

Contrary to what Peter Hayman stated as regards the strike, it was the General Council of the General Workers' Union that called, organised and supervised the strike day of 28 April. Mr Mintoff and his Ministers were not involved in the strike, except in that the strike was called to show the General Workers' Union's solidarity with the stand taken by the Malta Labour Government on the Dockyard issue.

Peter Hayman stated some facts and omitted mentioning certain important circumstances, with the intention perhaps of misleading the British public. He cannot however succeed in making us believe them. Luckily, we are well aware of what had actually happened.

GERALD ZAMMIT
Secretary

Government Section
General Workers' Union
Malta

DETENTIONS IN GHANA

SIR,—Would you permit me to make a point or two in reference to your comments on Detention Powers in Ghana?

You say that the Preventive Detention Bill (which has now become law) will cause uneasiness if persons detained under it have no recourse to the courts, and you contrast it with the Emergency Powers Bill which showed the government's attachment to the principle of Parliamentary controlled government even in an emergency.

The Prevention Detention Act contains nothing to weaken this attachment. Orders under the Act are to be made by the Governor-General, that is to say the Order has to be recommended by the Cabinet as a whole and is not made by an individual Minister; and any act of the Cabinet may be called in question by the National Assembly, which, as you will be aware, is a very active and indeed lively body, elected freely by universal adult suffrage, and may be relied upon to speak its mind.

As you observe, many states have felt obliged to take extraordinary powers. By having these powers in reserve, it may well be that the government of Ghana will have deterred those at whom the Act is aimed, and it may not be necessary to use its provisions. Your reference to the Emergency Powers Bill is indeed timely; in spite of the apprehensions aroused at the time that Act was passed, it has been invoked only twice—once to avert disorder among the Zongo population of Kumasi and again after an outbreak of hooliganism in a small area of Accra.

May we be allowed, sir, to feel a certain disappointment that your paper, as well as your contemporary the *Observer*, both in the past protagonists of self-government in Africa, should find themselves, however temporarily, on the other side of the fence? Why, when there are so many real injustices in the world, and especially in Africa, should you raise a scare over a hypothetical case? So far as I am aware, there are no political prisoners whatsoever in Ghana. Of how many countries can this be said?

AKO ADJEI
Minister of Information

Ghana

[Our comment, which was of the friendliest nature, dealt with a universal issue of personal liberty. We hope that Ghana's Minister of Information will before long realise that a country does not become immune from criticism because it has won its freedom.—ED., *NS.*]

RACE DISCRIMINATION IN SPORT

SIR,—May I point to the note in Critic's diary on the Campaign Against Race Discrimination in Sport and say that the Rev. David Sheppard has signed, with a number of other prominent sportsmen, a letter of protest on this subject recently published by *The Times* and has promised this campaign his full and active support.

DECLAN HOBSON
Chairman

Campaign Against Race Discrimination in Sport
4 Erskine Hill London NW11

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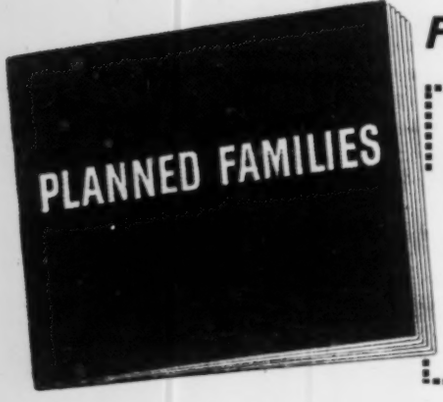

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

'Child of Danger'

THE 1900 conference of trade unionists and socialists which founded the Labour Representation Committee rightly figures in all the textbooks as a major event in modern British history. Six years later, when twenty-nine of its fifty candidates were returned to Parliament at the general election of 1906, the Committee changed its name to the Labour Party, and British politics have never been the same since.

Now that the Labour Party has become an accepted national institution, part of the British way of life, it requires either painstaking research or a bold leap of the imagination to return to the circumstances of 1900. With 'dreary dripping rain' falling on conference day, few people guessed that history was being made. The South African War captured the headlines, and there was more popular interest in imperialism than in socialism. Among the minority of active socialists and trade unionists there were many critics of the mixed parentage of the Labour Representation Committee, and even more sceptics about its likely prospects. According to Ramsay MacDonald, its first secretary, the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress, which had issued invitations to the conference, 'in its heart pooh-poohed the whole project'. The Independent Labour Party, which under Keir Hardie's guidance had struggled skilfully to create a 'labour alliance', was delighted but solicitous. 'The national combination for which we worked and prayed [has been] brought about,' the *ILP News* exclaimed. 'It has come. It is a tender life.... "Poor little child of danger, nursling of the storm." May it be blessed.'

By 1906 there was no need for such solicitude or sentimentality. For more than a year after the general election of 1900 there had been doubts whether the new Committee would survive. Then out of danger not to itself but to the trade unions – the danger to their life implied in the Taff Vale judgment – the Committee began to gain in industrial support. Its membership increased from 383,773 in June 1901 to 626,613 in May 1902 and 847,315 in February 1903. Its finances were assured by an agreement reached in 1903 whereby its affiliated societies promised to pay an annual levy of one penny a member to its parliamentary fund. In retrospect this endowment was a turning point in the journey from danger to security: at the time, it was a token of rising prestige. A firm declaration of political independence did not prevent its leaders from reaching a secret electoral agreement with Herbert Gladstone, the Chief Liberal Whip: this guaranteed not long-term success, but a team of Labour victors at the next general election. When at the end of March 1904 the central office of the Committee was moved from MacDonald's crowded flat in Lincoln's Inn Fields to 28 Victoria Street, 'the child of danger' was not only provided for: it had begun to grow up.

The six formative years which changed the shape of twentieth-century British politics have never been subjected hitherto to painstaking research. Some socialists, it is true, have made more than one bold leap into the period, but the scholars have not been fully engaged. Now, somewhat ironically, two books have appeared on the same subject within a few months of each other*. They overlap considerably in their exploitation of primary materials and in their method of treatment – the focus is on elections, on manipulators rather than on members, on the anatomy of organisations – but they are not merely competitors covering the same ground twice over. Mr Poirier, who is a professor at Ohio State University, takes less for granted than Mr Pelling and Mr Bealey. He introduces his detailed account of events between 1900 and 1906 with four general and necessarily somewhat sketchy chapters on the late nineteenth-century background, and he is clearly as much interested in the motives of individuals as the momentum of movements. Mr Pelling has already written about the earlier story in his *Origins of the Labour Party* (1954), and he starts his introduction without ceremony – 'On January the First, 1900'. The Labour Party was, after all, the child of a new century of danger. In the remaining pages, extremely well-documented, Mr Pelling and Mr Bealey argue rather more closely than Mr Poirier and accumulate a greater store of political detail, but the two books converge on the illuminating and previously unused papers of Herbert Gladstone and the narrative of the crucial by-elections at Clitheroe, Woolwich and Barnard Castle. There is an excellent chapter in Mr Pelling's and Mr Bealey's book about the Taff Vale case, but it is Mr Poirier, with his eye for general orientations, who quotes the inelegant but telling remark of the General Secretary of the Furnishing Trades Association when it affiliated with the Labour Representation Committee in 1903: 'It was left to the judges and the law courts to unconsciously be the instruments in connecting the organised British worker to the present view of political action'.

This connection was the most important fact of the years 1900 to 1906: it is also the most important fact in the history of twentieth-century British socialism. Behind the fact was Hardie's practical logic, just as outstanding as his vision, MacDonald's patience and 'moderation', and – far more important than either theories or tactics – events like Taff Vale. The alliance of trade unionists and socialists was strengthened in face of the taunts of the Social Democratic Federation, which continued to depend on formulæ rather than facts; the suspicions of less doctrinaire socialists, like Blatchford, that something precious was being lost in the process of 'getting there' (danger was more invigorating than compromise); and the stubborn resistance of the permanent officials of some of the non-affiliated unions who were determined to maintain the system of direct local agreements with the Liberals. There was valid socialist criticism in the first two channels of dissatisfaction, although the criticism was often inadequately or misleadingly expressed. In the constituencies it sometimes bubbled over, as it has done on many occasions since. Yet, as Mr Pelling and Mr Bealey point out, there was a 'taste of sour grapes' in the comments of some of the critics, notably Hyndman, who, caring little for sentiment, compared the LRC not to a poor little child but the Irishman's pig. Disgruntled with the course of events after 1900, Hyndman said that he was in the same position as the Irishman who took a pig to be sold by weight at the market, and said afterwards, 'That pig doesn't weigh as much as I thought it did, but then I never thought it would'. It was a characteristically obtuse judgment, for measured by weight even the pre-1914 Labour Party was a remarkable success.

The testimony to success – the return of a quota of Labour members of Parliament in 1905 – was guaranteed by the secret agreement which was reached between MacDonald and the Liberal whips. It is this agreement which will doubtless be seized on as a revelation by most readers of these two books, and some of them at least will use it as another stick with which to beat MacDonald. In fact, Hardie was well aware of the course of the negotiations and accepted the need for them. The agreement reached was an accommodation, not a compact. 'As an act of friendship' the Liberals were to arrange an open field for a limited number of Labour candidates, the Liberal whips using their influence with the local associations concerned to encourage them to abstain from nominating Liberal candidates. There was no definite *quid pro quo*, but the LRC promised to 'demonstrate friendliness' to the Liberals in any constituency where it had influence. To both sides, as Mr Pelling and Mr Bealey remark, the agreement was a bargain with limited advantages. The Liberals, relieved of a part of their financial burden in constituencies where they were now to stand down, felt that they had 'settled' the claims of Labour while at the same time they had made possible the wresting of urban constituencies from the Conservatives. The LRC, happy about its electoral prospects, could further strengthen its organisation. After the election results were announced everyone was satisfied – even Hyndman could not avoid the contagion. 'Was there ever such a justification of a policy by results?', Jesse Herbert, Gladstone's chief lieutenant, gleefully asked his superior officer. 'Neither side,' say Mr Pelling and Mr Bealey, 'could have known that it was the beginning of a process which would end in the predominance of the newer party at the expense of the older.' I wonder whether this was completely true. Might not MacDonald have had a few clues? His private papers are unfortunately still unavailable both to sympathetic and to unsympathetic historians. In a very general sense also the Labour rank-and-file in some of the Northern industrial areas knew. In 1906 they talked not of the storm, as they had done at the general election of 1900, but of the 'dawn'. It would have been interesting if the authors of both these

* *Labour and Politics, 1900-1906*. By F. BEALEY and H. PELLING. *Macmillan*. 30s.

The Advent of the Labour Party. By PHILIP P. POIRIER. *Allen & Unwin*. 25s.

new books had given rather more detail about what was actually said on the platforms of the successful LRC candidates in 1906.

Given the agreement with the Liberals – known to very few people although suspected by rather more – and the national need to draw a heterogeneous collection of trade unionists into a labour alliance, the third main theme of these years was the balance between the local and the national. Politics had not yet been nationalised in 1906, and Mr Pelling and Mr Bealey in particular make many sensible general points about the economic, social, religious and political patchwork of provincial Britain. The labour movement did not grow up with conveniently uniform support throughout the country, and there were 'awkward differentiations' caused by occupation, degree of skill, and religious and local loyalties. If Mr Pelling and Mr Bealey take their earlier history for granted, they are very sensitive to the impact of geography. The Liberal Party had trouble with some of its local caucuses: there were many right-wing and some left-wing Liberals who did not want their candidates to stand down for the sake of the LRC. In its turn the LRC had to pay close attention to local conditions, some of which it did not completely understand. There was no doubt in 1900 that the child of danger was a British child: in studies of how the Labour Party developed later in the twentieth century, however, one of the main themes will be the story of how the whole of the country came to regard him as such.

ASA BRIGGS

H. F. M. PRESCOTT

With THE MAN ON A DONKEY, her great novel of Tudor England, H. F. M. Prescott achieved a reputation as the finest English writer in her field. She is, indeed, one of the very few historical novelists whose books are serious works of art. The following is a list of those now in print:

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A novel of England under Henry VIII (18s)

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A novel of 12th century France (15s)

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A novel of 11th century Normandy (16s)

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

A Buddha on a Leaf

A Buddha on a leaf cannot eclipse
my mind's mechanical apocalypse.

Angels and pit-ponies are blind,
stark necessity rages in the mind.

There God is dust, atom and star,
but in that dark no quiet planets are.

The fragments of a Christ's face
shatter apart to mere space;

O but his nature and name are written there
in Chinese circles of black atmosphere.

PETER LEVI, S.J.

Australia Felix

Australia's Colonial Culture. By GEORGE NADEL. *Angus & Robertson: F. W. Cheshire.* 30*s.*

Sources of Australian History. Selected by M. CLARK. *Oxford.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Australian Explorers: A Selection from Their Writings. Edited by KATHLEEN FITZPATRICK. *Oxford.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Sixth Continent. By ARTHUR SCHOLES. *Allen & Unwin.* 21*s.*

Penguin Book of Australian Verse. Edited by JOHN THOMPSON, KENNETH SLESSOR and R. G. HOWARTH. *Penguin.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

When Dilke visited New South Wales in 1866, less than 100 years after the First Fleet had anchored in Botany Bay, he remarked cautiously: 'A literature is springing up, a national character is being grafted on the good English stock. What shape the Australian mind will take is at present doubtful.' Dilke's judgment was prophetic. After the United States, Australia was the first of the British nations overseas to form a national character and lay the foundations for a national culture. What was apparent to Dilke in 1866 was evident to all by 1900. And to the many blessings of Australia – her sheep and her sunshine and her remoteness from the world's troubles – should now be added this fact, that she was able to achieve her cultural revolution and assert her national character before the wireless and the aeroplane annihilated distance and exposed her to the mass cultures of older and more powerful nations.

The reasons for this early maturing are less obvious. One of them was sheer distance. The remoteness of Australia not only protected her from the overpowering influence of the Old World, but, as George Nadel points out in his detailed study of Australia's colonial culture between 1830 and 1860, had a peculiar effect on the immigrants themselves. The hardships, dangers and boredom of the voyage made emigration a decisive and irrevocable act. 'If we ever survive to reach Australia,' a young English girl wrote, 'I am sure that we shall stay there for life, for I do not think I would undertake another voyage even to get home again.' The idea of ever returning home tended to evaporate in the long, hot reaches of the Indian Ocean, and the immigrants arrived at their destination united by a common experience and determined to make the best of what they found there.

Mr Nadel's research suggests that hitherto insufficient credit has been given to the cultural achievements of these early colonists and particularly to the Scottish mechanics brought out by the Rev. J. D. Lang, who did so much for working-class education in Australia. But it was the nationalist movement of the Nineties, associated with the *Bulletin*, which first gave the Australian character literary expression. It is hard to overestimate the influence of that extraordinary weekly which was eagerly read by working men in Sydney and by shearers in the bush. In his admirable selection of documents for his *Sources of Australian History* Mr Manning Clark has rightly included several examples of the *Bulletin's* peculiar style. The paper was then (1893) advocating a Republican form of government, complete democracy (one man, one vote, and direct election of ministers by parliament), secular education, Australia for the Australians ('The cheap Chinaman, the cheap Nigger and the cheap European pauper to be absolutely excluded'), abolition of titles, and abolition of private ownership of land. It was proud of the fact that, alone among Australian newspapers, it had supported the Irish national cause and denounced the Sudan expedition. On the subject of titles – still a favourite one with those Australians who do not accept a knighthood – it wrote that

> since St Michael and St George are both dead and buried, to be the companion of two corpses is just about the same as being brother to a quantity of stale fish or uncle to an ancient egg.

And when a former Governor, Lord Carington, returned to England and told the Duke of Clarence that 'Australia would for ever remain loyal to England', the *Bulletin* exploded in a fury of invective in the course of which it referred to His Royal Highness as 'the flabby little duke, whose face is as expressionless as an African's feet'.

This was the irreverent, egalitarian, radical, nationalist, but also highly illiberal paper which attracted round it Australia's first true writers, Henry Lawson and Furphy ('Tom Collins'), and which both expressed and shaped the growing national consciousness. Much of the work produced by the *Bulletin* writers was crude and some of it was offensive, but they did a necessary job. After they had finished no Australian writer had ever again to fight for the right to be Australian – except in the theatre, which had to wait another sixty years for Lawler's *Summer of the Seventeenth Doll.*

Australian writers were quick to revel in this new freedom. They threw themselves with zest on the rich, unexplored myths of their own short history. There they all were, waiting just below the surface like the first nuggets at Ballarat – the Discoverers, Cook, Tasman and de Quiros; the Explorers, those odd, impractical, desert-blinded men, Giles, Leichhardt, Sturt and Eyre (you can read about them in Arthur Scholes's *The Sixth Continent*, or, better still, read their own, strangely moving accounts in the selection printed in The World's Classics); the convicts; the bush-rangers, with Ned Kelly leading the way in his iron mask; the aborigines; the gold-fields and the Eureka stockade.

There was gold in them thar' hills, and Australian writers were quick to dig it out. Today the painters and poets are still working the lode – Patrick White in *Voss*, Sidney Nolan in his Kelly pictures, Slessor and Fitzgerald in their poems on Cook and Tasman. This is natural and right. But the real triumph of the national revolution can be seen elsewhere. If you visit the art galleries in Sydney today you will find that the younger artists no longer feel the need to paint gum trees or the Dead Heart, but are splashing paint about happily in abstracts that have nothing

to do with Australia at all. If you look in the new *Penguin Book of Australian Verse*, which covers the period from 1900 to today, you will notice that some of the best of the contemporary poets take Australia for granted or even, like A. D. Hope, choose to write about it satirically. They feel free, if they wish, to forget Ned Kelly and the bush and to write instead about Orpheus or Adam or God or Love. Or like James McAuley, perhaps the most remarkable, to realise that, in Australia as in England, the most terrifying exploration is in the mind of man:

> Voyage within you, on the fabled ocean,
> And you will find that Southern Continent,
> Quiros' version—his hidalgo heart
> And mythical Australia, where reside
> All things in their imagined counterpart.

JOHN DOUGLAS PRINGLE

How Do They Do It?

Writers at Work. Edited by MALCOLM COWLEY. *Secker & Warburg.* 21*s.*

Before he begins a novel Georges Simenon makes sure he has no appointments for eleven days. Then he summons his doctor to take his blood pressure. If that is as it should be, he starts. 'I have such a man, such a woman, in such surroundings. What can happen to them to oblige them to go to their limit? That's the question.' For eleven days he is his principal character, speaking to no one in the outside world, living 'just like a monk'. After five or six days it is almost unbearable. After eleven, he must stop, which is one reason his novels are so short. His doctor visits him again: his blood pressure is down. The doctor 'thinks it is all right but unhealthy to do it too often'. Simenon does it six times a year.

Experience has taught William Faulkner that all the tools he needs for his trade are paper, tobacco, food and whisky. Must it be bourbon? 'No, I ain't that particular. Between scotch and nothing, I'll take scotch.' No enemy of drink, Thornton Wilder does not associate it with writing but finds long walks a necessity, just as, according to Wilder, Hemingway, to warm himself up for the day's stint, must sharpen twenty pencils and Willa Cather had to read a passage from the Bible—for the prose, not the piety. Nelson Algren thinks of writing as a *physical* thing—the italics are his own. Simenon sees himself as an artisan: 'I need to work with my hands. I would like to carve my novel in a piece of wood'. For E. M. Forster, the sense of a solid mass ahead, a mountain round, over or through which the story must go, is essential. James Thurber never quite knows when he is not writing: 'Sometimes my wife comes up to me at a party and says "Dammit, Thurber, stop writing".' For Frank O'Connor, writing is fun: 'That's the reason you do it, because you enjoy it'. William Stryon gets a fine warm feeling when he's doing well, but, 'Let's face it, writing is hell'. Writing brings Thornton Wilder 'not so much pleasure as a deep absorption'. Alberto Moravia writes to amuse himself, to express himself, and to entertain others.

He works over each book several times, comparing his method with 'that of painters centuries ago, proceeding, as it were, from layer to layer'. Angus Wilson, a fast writer, does one draft only of his novels and corrects as he goes along. Joyce Cary wrote the big scenes first. Truman Capote, a horizontal writer who cannot compose unless in bed or stretched on a couch, does a first version in longhand, a complete revision of it in longhand, a third draft typed on 'a very special certain kind of yellow paper', and then puts the story away for a month or longer. After that time, he reads the story as coldly as possible, tries it out on friends, and, if all is well, types the final version on white paper.

And how do they come to write what they do? 'There is a point of departure, and there are some characters', says François Mauriac: '. . . I rediscover the narrow Jansenist world of my devout, unhappy, and introverted childhood' Robert Penn Warren tries to find stories 'that catch my eye, stories that seem to have issues in purer form than they come to one ordinarily'. For Françoise Sagan, *Bonjour Tristesse* began with the idea of a character; 'but she has to start to write to have ideas'. Nelson Algren 'always figured the only way I could finish a book and get a plot was just to keep making it longer and longer until something happens'. With Joyce Cary the process of creation often began years before putting pen to paper, in a note or scrap of dialogue. Frank O'Connor makes notes of themes: 'if somebody tells me a good story, I'll write it down in my four lines . . . that is the secret of the theme'. Simenon has not so much ideas as problems that worry him. But he begins with atmosphere:

> Today there is a little sunshine here. I might remember such and such a spring, maybe in some small Italian town, or some place in the French provinces or in Arizona, I don't know, and then, little by little, a small world will come into my mind, with a few characters. These characters will be taken partly from people I have known and partly from pure imagination—you know, it's a complex of both. And then the idea I had before will stick around them. They will have the same problem I have in my mind myself. And the problem—with those people—will give me the novel.

One could quote from *Writers at Work* almost indefinitely. In his introduction, Malcolm Cowley calls it the best series of interviews with writers of our time, and he is surely right. Certainly I know of no book that better conveys the sense of being a writer. It reflects the greatest credit on the *Paris Review*, in the pages of which the interviews first appeared, and upon the young interviewers who conducted them. As a book, it is absorbing and fascinating, in nothing more than in the truth it brings out time and again, that in its own curious way writing is a physical act and words almost as material, as brutally resistant, as paint or stone.

WALTER ALLEN

Women Again

The Twentieth Century: Special Number on Women. August, 1958. 2*s.* 6*d.*

If there is anything new to say on this topic, perhaps *The Twentieth Century* is the paper to say it. The typical posture of its writers (tie off and feet on the mantelpiece) suits the direct and up-to-date reporting needed for these shifting and amorphous personal subjects, where last week's generalisation is already a lie. The method pays off excellently here in three central articles (Betty Miller, Jenny Nasmyth, Mary Warnock) on how we no longer mind so much about Female Emancipation. We don't, of course—yet still, it seems, the hand that rocks the cradle is dogged by the voice of Miss Emily Davies over its shoulder, asking if it doesn't think it ought to be Prime Minister. It is a tribute to the great personal force of the early Emancipators, rather than to their arguments, that we should feel guilty about all this. Their more ambitious plans have been upset by several fairly obvious things they never dreamed of, such as an increased interest in children and a better balance in the population, but above all by the disappearance of servants (*they* didn't plan a full life for their kitchenmaids and nannies). Social Justice has beaten Sex Equality, and now we have to work the whole thing out again; meanwhile we are accepting our privileges on false pretences from the hands of Miss Davies and J. S. Mill. These three articles discuss the matter helpfully; I liked Mary Warnock's on University Women the best myself, partly because she is the calmest, partly because she has such a grasp of that beautiful subject, the Primordial Female Don:

> I met a don of the old school who asked me how many children I had. 'Four', I said. 'Are any of them any good?' was her immediate next question. . . . There was a time when the common

NOT FOR THE EVANGELICAL GREAT-AUNT

Roger Vailland's brilliant picture of life in Southern Italy has already won international recognition. Awarded the Prix Goncourt, it has been chosen by the Book Society here and the Book-of-the-Month Club in America. Although Raymond Mortimer felt that 'a kind-hearted girl would not recommend it to her Evangelical great-aunt' he found it 'Exceptionally unboring' and 'would never guess that the book was a translation: the language is so natural and alive.' Summing up, he wrote: 'One is horrified by this novel, but never bored: tigers are more interesting than jellyfish.' The Book Society says 'it is the best French novel that has come out since the war' and other reviewers call it: 'A novel of considerable power, humour and skill: a lesson in artistic economy: well-plotted and highly intelligent.' The jacket and endpaper drawings, which evoke the setting superbly, are by David Knight.

THE LAW

JONATHAN CAPE

15s.

room was the limit of their real world. To venture outside these limits, they needed to bolster themselves up with dogs and cats, who would help them over the intolerable embarrassment of meeting people and talking to them and deciding what to do in the afternoons.

The other articles are less convergent and rather mixed. There is a tantalising one by Rayner Heppenstall on Vampire Mums and how they occur pre-eminently in the English Upper Classes; he has some good material, but unfortunately he is too much occupied with the exact arrangement of his feet on the mantelpiece to work it out very far. There is a colourless and careful one about American versus English marriage (nobody likes to say too much) and a very dogmatic one about prostitutes by a gentleman who doesn't give his qualifications. And Marghanita Laski tears into the Religion of Advertising, which she sees as a frightful fungus distorting everything a woman looks at and distracting her (here we touch on Emancipation again) from the non-exploitable occupations to which she should be turning. Miss Laski may well be right; though I can never believe that people take so much notice of these things. After all, the older established religions have always met with a certain amount of resistance when they tried to influence conduct. And advertisements so often cancel each other out; indeed it was pretty to see how lately, when a detergent was brought out which actually *did* do what the advertisements claimed, there was no way of publicising the fact except the good old-fashioned bush telegraph, since the advertisers had no superlatives left. Still the topic is certainly live and interesting. This can't be said of a pretentious piece by Sir Richard Rees on how Florence Nightingale is just like Simone Weil; indeed everybody, according to Sir Richard, is just like everybody else anyway:

> His (Wittgenstein's) conclusion that 'ethics and aesthetics are one' was anticipated, in the same number of words, by Keats, when he wrote: Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty.'

I could name papers where you might overlook that sort of thing, but the *Twentieth Century* isn't one of them, and it should be more careful. On the whole, however, this is a lively and intelligent number, containing a remarkably high proportion of sense to nonsense, and when you consider the subject, that is very high praise.

MARY SCRUTTON

New Novels

The Rainbow and the Rose. By NEVIL SHUTE. *Heinemann.* 16*s.*

Common People. By PHILIP CALLOW. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

Discourse with Shadows. By J. E. MALCOLM. *Gollancz.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Lost Traveller. By SANORA BABB. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

The towering success of Mr Nevil Shute is not in the least mysterious. He is an excellent spinner of stories as such – what sort they are doesn't concern us for the moment; he understands the technique of tension; and having been himself a good and original engineer, taps a whole new public of engineers, technologists, etc., who may otherwise find the straight novel lacking in interest for themselves. His is largely a masculine public, a public with no fancy æsthetic ideas and no desire to be troubled by those psychological depth-charges with which some writers cause disturbance, guilt and longing in the souls of their readers. It is a public with a streak of disciplined romance and a good-humoured capacity to believe six impossible things before breakfast, if those things are allied to the power of the planchette-board, extra-sensory perception and the rest of it – white man's magic, rather light-hearted stuff, not to be taken too seriously.

The latest novel combines with an intensely exciting story of an attempt at rescue by air a lagging and implausible story of thought-transference. For me, the mixture is maddening: but the facts prove me in a minority. Johnny Pascoe, an ageing flier, has crashed on a desolate and virtually inaccessible strip of the Tasmanian coast. He has dangerous head-injuries, and no-one to help him but a woman already in charge of a sick child. Ronnie Clarke, an Australian airline pilot who was taught all his flying by Pascoe, decides he must try to get a doctor out there. The account of his attempts to land an inexperienced and at first highly reluctant young G.P. on the miserable air-strip seems to be beyond praise. It is so well done, so brisk, so immediate, that I felt a tingle of something like personal excitement. I might have been there. But then comes the let-down. Ronnie, lying in bed trying to recoup his forces for yet another rescue attempt, dreams all the way through Pascoe's past life, the thoughts of the dying man transferring themselves to him. It is not only that Pascoe's love story is pretty dull and ordinary in itself: the whole conception of the transfer, for me, at least – and in terms of statistics I have to make that proviso – puts the book out of court. The action stuff, the flying stuff, is quite splendid. The bogy stuff is bosh.

I have never forgotten Mr Shute's very early book, *The Pied Piper*, or his penultimate book, *On the Beach*. One, I thought, was extremely touching, the other pretty courageous. And in neither of them has he played this heaven-and-earth-Horatio trick. Why *will* he do it? Mr C. S. Forester, a fine exponent of the action story, does not think of stepping outside the probabilities, and his strength lies there. But I suspect that for Mr Shute's admirers, or for a great number of them, the wild romantic excursions have a special appeal. I have known men of action, technical men, practical men, men who are always tinkering with machines, who yearn for a touch of the small-scale supernatural and are quite gullible in the search for it. 'This life is quite enough for me, as poor Swann used to say.' And for the Swanns and for me, it is, so far as fiction is concerned.

Common People is only by courtesy a novel: or if it is fiction, then it is a remarkable pastiche of autobiography. It hasn't any shape, it hasn't any particular middle or end, it just wambles around in an unusually truthful and trustworthy way, all the way from the impoverished Midlands to the grimier London and all the way back again. The hero is a poor boy with artistic aspirations who seems to me, and the Lord forgive me if I am self-righteous, just a trifle on the verge of the work-shy. He roams up to London in search of a crock of something – Heaven knows what, hardly gold – sleeps in dosshouses, whiles the time away in the gardens of Millbank and the public libraries, meets an edgy divorced woman, marries her and gives her a child. What they're living on isn't quite clear at any time: Mr Callow is never very clear on the practical details. But he writes, as I say, truthfully, and in a way one instantly trusts. What he needs is a real story, and even more, perhaps, a real theme. At the moment he is just scratching at random over well-trodden ground.

Discourse With Shadows is by no means unimposing, less for what it says than what it doesn't. It concerns a man who, having lived for ten years in England, returns to his native city, Frankfurt, at the end of the war and takes lodgings with four survivors of a Nazi concentration camp. The story uses a multiple viewpoint, and uses it with great skill. Something unspeakable has happened to those four people. We are given an idea of its nature, but are never allowed to know the facts precisely. One character hints, then another; slowly the picture builds up, but always with a shadowy fragment missing, first from one corner, then from another. It is a queer, dignified book which might have come out of personal experience: it appears, in fact, to be made out of vicarious experience plus an empathetic imagination which makes it a good deal of a feat. It is Anne Frank by Kafka out of White Paper: and as disturbing as you would expect. This is an endurable book about the unendurable, which in no way softens the reality. It simply shades it a little, or, like a periscope, allows it to be seen from a safer viewpoint. It is a long time, incidentally, since I have seen the historic present, that tricky and usually irritating tense, used as a legitimate contribution not only to emotional but to artistic advantage.

The Lost Traveller is about a professional gambler and the misfortunes he brings upon his wife and daughters. The time is 1928, the setting a small town in the wilds of Kansas, where the family is quietly if not openly shunned, and thrown back within itself. It is a curious book with touches of literary distinction and originality of thought: but something gets in the way, and I fear it is the lure of Hollywood. Time and time again one gets that *Showboat* touch; in comes the romantic, dashing, good-bad man – there's Irish in

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him, you bet your life! – and out goes the harsh reality which, on occasion, Miss Babb handles so firmly. Father beats up beloved daughter for falling in love with a gambler like himself – one can see it on the wide screen, the arm upraised to strike, the enormous enlargement of terror. Such a pity. Because there are touches of the truth here, momentary insights, something just a little out of the ordinary. And there is no reason for a talented writer to stay within the ordinary when all that is necessary for escape is more hard thinking, more fresh thinking, the determination to blink away all the O'Haras, Rhett Butlers, etc., and start off with a clear head and a direction of one's own

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

Wisdom About Art

Art and Reality: the Clark Lectures, 1956. By JOYCE CARY. *Cambridge.* 18*s.* 6*d.*

With typical modesty, Joyce Cary claimed that these notes on general æsthetics, drawn up during his prolonged last illness, were valuable mainly as the insights of a practitioner. He had been an art student in his youth. In later life, he became a very successful novelist. Years in between as an administrator in West Africa gave him the right, also, to use the word 'reality' as something other than a mere bookish counter. He does not himself philosophise ambitiously; but he draws heavily at key points on two philosophers, Hume and Croce. Hume explains to him why we need art and Croce, at least broadly, what the creative process is. But he is not either a phenomenalist or an idealist. He is a materialist.

Hume comes in, psychologically, because he saw that 'we are born with almost no instinct', 'almost entirely cut off from each other in mind, entirely independent in thought, and so we have to learn everything for ourselves'. 'We are not alone,' Cary writes, 'in feeling, in sympathy, but we are alone in mind, and so we are compelled, each of us, to form our own ideas of things, and if we want to convey these ideas and our feelings about them, we have to use art'. Art is broadly any mode of communication which selects, gives tone to, emphasises, puts a valuation on facts. It is the means by which, communicating personal discoveries about value, we overcome solitude; and the cook, the hairdresser, the journalist are as truly artists in this broad sense as the poet. The fine arts are special in their fineness, not in their kind.

The notion of personal discovery brings Cary to Croce. For Croce art is intuition and expression, and intuition and expression are exactly equivalent, without remainder. Unless in discovering something I have simultaneously discovered the way to put my discovery across, my discovery is illusory. Cary feels that Croce has been led astray here by the desire to make his own system artistically self-contained. In fact, intuition and expression are often so far apart that, for a novelist particularly, the main labour of composition may be a groping around for the proper way of expressing what at first, as it were, was a dumb intuition. Cary points out also, in this connection, that no work of art is ever really perfected. It merely reaches a stage at which it, so to say, gets set; at which to do anything more to it might risk disrupting what has been done already.

Intuitions, for Cary, are discoveries about things as they are. The Impressionists, for instance, discovered what the coloured surface of the world looks like, when you look at it for its own sake; but that surface has been there all the time, waiting to be discovered; you cannot intuit what is not there. Children see the world as the artist sees it, they are always making discoveries, but by their twenties most of them have lost the gift of disinterested perception. They see not the thing in itself, but what label to stick on it. Cary does not think this necessarily a tragedy and he notes that the child genius rarely grows into a notable mature artist. The intuition of the mature artist is a kind of second-level intuition. First of all, he sees the world freshly, like a child. Then he is subjected, often, to some fairly rigorous kind of conceptual training. Then, somehow he acquires a new freshness; concepts as well as sensations, the moral world as well as the natural world, become elements in a composition. Cary notices how much Joyce, for instance, and Tolstoy gain from their systematic training in Christian thinking; Dickens, who for Cary is something like a child genius, lacks maturity because he has no hard core of that sort.

This belief in the importance of the hard core leads Cary to some very original observations on the teaching of art and of literature. There, he is all for the teacher with bias and prejudice, all against letting the pupil find his own way. His best teacher of drawing cared for nothing but anatomy, his best teacher of English for nothing but Shakespeare. Both gave him something, but another teacher of English, who refused to impose his own tastes, or even to force an idea of correct style on his pupils, simply left Cary, when he grew older, with the task of teaching himself the mere mechanics of writing. All this goes against the orthodox progressive line about what good teaching should do, and yet it sounds convincing.

There is a fascinating section on symbols in art, how they wear out, lose their freshness, have to be constantly renewed. But, quite apart from its packed suggestiveness, or how far one agrees with all of it, this warm, humorous life-asserting book, written on a death-bed, is morally inspiriting. I have always felt the character that comes through Cary's novels more impressive than the novels themselves; this last work probably says no final word on its subject but it gives, at just the right moment, a needed concrete sense to that blank, wistful word, humanism.

G. S. FRASER

New Investigations

Structure of British Industry. Vol. I. Edited by DUNCAN BURN. *Cambridge.* 45*s.*

In 1945 Leak and Maizels published their long and pioneering essay on the structure of British industry. Based on the returns of the 1935 Census of Production, it provided the first accurate, comprehensive though necessarily skeletal account of the extent of concentration in British industry. Since then the gaunt framework of statistics has been filled in by a spate of major and minor studies of particular industries – almost all officially sponsored. Working Parties, Productivity Teams, Committees of Inquiry, Select Committees and of course the indefatigable Monopolies Commission have between them in the past 15 years torn down many, though not all, of the veils of secrecy which have traditionally shrouded British industry.

Gaps, of course, remain. Steel, chemicals and oil (apart from an ECE study) are important

the exciting nuance of the conflict is lost.'—Evening Standard

THE CAVE OF ROUFFIGNAC

Louis-René Nougier and Romain Robert
(Translated by David Scott)

On the 26th June, 1956, the cave paintings and drawings in the Grotto of Rouffignac were discovered by Professor Nougier and M. Romain Robert. The number and size of the drawings and their prehistoric significance made this a discovery of the first importance, far exceeding any similar discovery of cave paintings and drawings for many years past. The magnitude and importance of this find immediately created a storm of controversy and there were some who sought to prove that the drawings were forgeries. But the authenticity of these drawings is now established beyond all doubt by world famous authorities. No one can read this fascinating account of the Mammoths of Rouffignac without a thrill of excitement in drawing close to a period tens of thousands of years ago. 240 pages and 20 half-tone plates. 36s. net

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Should we worry about The British Communist Party? It will never win an election: but what about its influence in industry? How far has the infiltration of communists into powerful trade union positions gone?

A new book published this week gives the first honest and detailed report on The British Communist Party since 1920. Called "The British Road to Stalinism," it has been compiled by IRIS (Industrial Research and Information Services) — an organisation composed of trade unionists.

In a foreword to the book, Francis Williams says "No one who reads this plain, objective report with an unbiased mind can any longer harbour any doubts whatever as to the real nature of the British Communist Party."

•

*** The British Road to Stalinism. 2/6 at all bookshops.**

industries which have, unaccountably, escaped post-war inquiry. Some studies too have been only partial and incomplete and nearly all have been the work of administrators and industrialists rather than of professional economists. These presumably are among the reasons – a grant from American research funds is another – that have prompted the National Institute of Economic and Social Research to sponsor a new symposium, written by economists, on the *Structure of British Industry*. The object of the work, according to Mr Burn in his editorial introduction to volume I, is to give both an 'up-to-date picture' of the structure of a group of British industries and, with particular emphasis on monopoly, 'to examine the effects of the structure of each industry on its performance, its adaptability to market and to technical changes and its contribution to change'.

While none of the essays is a model of clarity, it can be said that the contributors have performed the first and descriptive part of their terms of reference with some competence. This volume covers most of the basic industries – agriculture, building, oil, steel, transport, chemicals and machine tools – and a reasonably full picture of their economic background, problems and organisation does emerge. The evaluation – that is, the relationship between structure and performance – is less satisfactory. Although the contributors are somewhat over-cautious in their conclusions – 'the wise man', writes Mr Beacham in his essay on Coal, 'will hesitate to offer more than a tentative suggestion as to the probable direction of desirable change!' – they have been set an unusually difficult task. For, as successive Monopolies Commission reports have demonstrated and as at least two of the contributors frankly admit, structure is by no means the crucial determinant of economic performance. Other factors such as managerial skill, availability of finance and government policy can and do play a far larger role.

Since the second volume has yet to appear, a final assessment must be deferred. But it is to be hoped that Mr Burn will use his promised summing-up not only to draw general conclusions from his collaborators' case studies but to consider some of the wider implications of an economy increasingly dominated by giant – public and private – quasi-monopolies.

PETER SHORE

Libraries

The Origins of the English Library. By RAYMOND IRWIN. *Allen & Unwin.* 25*s.*

This is an interesting and ambitious book, cast on original lines. For whereas most historians of the English library are content to open their account of its development with the monastic houses Professor Irwin devotes nearly a third of his volume to the period before the middle ages, and his opening three chapters summarise admirably the main facts about the libraries of the ancient world. Two succeeding chapters 'In Roman Britain' and 'In Saxon England' are perforce based on less sure foundations and it says a good deal for the author's skilful presentation that the very scanty materials available for this period have been woven into a convincing narrative. With the monastic libraries and their dispersal Professor Irwin reaches better-charted territory, and in these chapters and in one on Gabriel Naudé and the problems of mass production he is at his best, writing with lucidity and compactness born of wide familiarity with the authorities, including the most recent work on the subject. He makes an agreeable excursus in his chapter 'Physical Handicaps', where he considers such matters as the format and materials of books and the heating and lighting of libraries.

The latter half of the book is devoted to the history of the English private library, and here it seems that Professor Irwin is more at home in the earlier period than when he deals with owners of libraries between Samuel Pepys and William Cowper. (The former's magnificent presses are of course oak and not mahogany, almost unknown in England before about 1730.) Much more is known of the library of Dr Johnson than the reader might suppose; and in a work otherwise so well documented it is odd that the author fails to record that the sale catalogue of it survives (and is easily consulted in the facsimile printed for the Johnson Club in 1892) and that Austin Dobson wrote an elegant account of it in his *Eighteenth-Century Vignettes*, along with essays on the books which belonged to Gray, Goldsmith and Fielding. As for Gibbon's library it is true, as Professor Irwin says, that we know a good deal about it from the footnotes of the *Decline and Fall* and from Gibbon's own autobiography, but our prime source of knowledge, which is uncited, must surely be Sir Geoffrey Keynes's long essay prefixed to his complete catalogue of Gibbon's books published in 1940: and Cowper's small library is not so 'shadowy and unsubstantial' as the author supposes. It was divided between two branches of the descendants of Cowper's friend John Johnson of Norfolk, and one half of the books was acquired, with a manuscript catalogue of the whole, by Sir Geoffrey Keynes and the other catalogued for sale by Messrs Sotheby on 20-21 April, 1943.

The chapters on the nineteenth century are enlivened by some attractive quotations from the essayists of the Romantic period; and the account of the growth of working-class reading is particularly useful. Professor Irwin has provided far the most convenient and readable book as yet available to embryo librarians studying for their professional degrees; but both the subject and the author's treatment of it merit a much wider public.

A. N. L. MUNBY

The Hero as Engineer

Thomas Telford. By L. T. C. ROLT. *Longmans.* 25*s.*

In any respectable novel about a great engineer, your hero will rise from humble origins. Preferably he will be a Scot, which will make that sense of dedication credible. He will take the road to London. In his youth his political faith will be simple and generous and he will support a revolutionary movement intent on creating a new and better society until the revolution's excesses disillusion and he will grow, if not reactionary, disinterested. He will fancy his chance as a poet – it really is quite surprising how many engineers have an itch for verse. To risk credibility a little, your hero will not marry: his art is all. He will do great things and have glorious triumphs until, at the end of his career, life being sad, along will come a young man, a boy as golden as once your hero was, and defeat him. (Let's suppose the bright young man has a design for a suspension bridge which your hero thinks impracticable but which proves a huge success.) Soon after a more than usually lonely death his life-work falls out of fashion and the public forgets.

Such is the plot of Mr Rolt's biography of Telford (1757-1834), the first of the great modern engineers, Southey nicknamed him *Pontifex Maximus*. Perhaps his most extraordinary achievement – it was his first major work – is the Pont Cysyllte aqueduct reaching 1,000 feet across the Vale of Llangollen, 127 feet above the Dee. It is worth going a long way to look at. 'But the source of the greatest pride to Telford was this. In all of the ten years of labour that went to the building of Pont Cysyllte, his care and foresight was such that he lost only one life.' And then there's the road from London to Holyhead with its bridge at Conway and Menai; and the Caledonian Canal. The Highlands he quite transformed! In eighteen years he built 920 miles of new roads, re-made and re-aligned 280 miles of military road and built over 1,000 new bridges. His energy, patience and imagination were remarkable. He inspired confidence in the people who worked for him because he knew what he was doing and asking others to do. Before becoming an engineer he had been mason and architect. Mr Rolt gives him his neglected due:

> For it was not, as is generally supposed, the railway builders but Telford who first established the system of large-scale engineering contracting. He laid down a system and demonstrated a high-principled and smooth-working relationship between engineer and contractor which was to serve as a model to his successors for generations to come.

But Telford is not as entertaining to read about as Brunel, the man who stole his thunder, and whose biography Mr Rolt wrote so well last year. Telford is his work and little more. Mr Rolt describes the work with enthusiasm and only occasionally is there the hint of a Smiles. 'His spur was not honour or monetary reward but something which has become extremely rare today – an immense gusto and enthusiasm.' Is it really all that rare?

W. JOHN MORGAN

A Welsh Coxswain

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Gramophone Records

As this is my final record review in these columns I have been through my shelves and gathered a miscellaneous group of outstanding discs that deserve comment. On Supraphon the excellent Smetana Quartet, who made so strong an impression on their visit to London earlier this year, play the First and Second Quartets of their compatriot Janacek. These are extremely fine performances showing complete mastery of the composer's elusive idiom. If the Second Quartet sounds rather less dramatic and brilliant than one might hope, that is due to a rather dead, if quite comfortable, quality of recording.

The Budapest Quartet have been hard at work for Philips, but in the main to rather disappointing effect. Mozart's Quartets in B flat (K589) and F (K590) are immaculately played and clearly recorded but the core of the music eludes them. In Schubert they tend to a rather too overt romanticism that lacks spontaneity, and this, added to faulty intonation, rules out their account on a ten-inch disc of the lovely A minor Quartet (D804). They are, however, much happier and less heart-on-sleeve in the G major Quartet (D887) where they impart vitality as well as polish to the music, especially in the finale. But nothing that the Budapest Quartet have done recently equals their admirable recordings of Beethoven Op. 18, and accordingly I turned to a ten-inch disc containing the first of what are to be a series of recordings of Haydn quartets with high hope. In Op. 76, Nos. 1 and 2, they play with characteristic vigour and in the more extrovert movements are convincing. But intonation is again not faultless and in both slow movements they are less at home. The recording is rather hard and marred by a little pre-echo.

For real Schubertian style I can think of nothing finer than Schnabel's sublime performance of the posthumous B flat Sonata, which has been reissued by the Gramophone Company on an LP disc that sounds very well and certainly merits its inclusion in the 'Great Recordings of the Century' series. Among present-day *Lieder* singers only Fischer-Dieskau carries stylistic authority on this level. He has recently recorded a selection of Schumann's settings of Heine, including the *Liederkreis*, Op. 24. This is magnificent song singing and the HMV recording is excellent. I do not think that it is merely the content that makes me feel a shade less enthusiastic about a selection of Brahms's songs that Fischer-Dieskau sings on another well-recorded HMV disc, for here he on occasions betrays a slight unsteadiness of voice that he seemed to have eliminated from most of his recent recordings. But 'Es träumte mir' is superbly sung and Karl Engel's accompaniment is admirable.

The Hollywood Quartet and Victor Aller have completed their recordings of the Brahms piano quartets for Capitol. I must confess that I am now less enthusiastic about this venture as a whole than I was about the first of the series when I reviewed it some months ago. On reconsideration, I would say that these are well thought out and conscientious performances but that they attain distinction only in Victor Aller's strong if severe piano playing. The strings lack fullness and warmth, and while one is duly grateful for the sense of formal structure that the quartet show, one also grows increasingly aware of a lack of lyrical ardour that is surely an essential ingredient of these relatively youthful works. In the A major Quartet Op. 26 Curzon and the Budapest Quartet on Philips seem to me preferable in spite of sound that does not quite attain the high technical level of these Capitol recordings.

Ansermet's new recording of *Petrushka* on Decca is absolutely stunning. Perhaps the sound is a bit too glittering and self-consciously hi-fi, but it reveals all the subtlety and fineness of detail that characterises Ansermet's interpretation and raises it decidedly above Monteux's more overtly dramatic but more prosaic account on RCA. To refinement Ansermet here adds a vigour that he has not always shown in his recent Stravinsky recordings. This same blend of vigour and subtlety is again present in his new recording on Decca of *The Rite of Spring*, which in this highly competitive field seems to me by a short head the finest available. Monteux (RCA) and Fricsay (DGG) remain hot challengers, and gain in the slightly more powerful orchestras at their command what they lose in the matter of recording. But Ansermet remains unique in the evocative and poetic quality of his reading. Before leaving the field of ballet it is worth noting some excerpts from Tchaikovsky's *Sleeping Beauty*. These are played with brilliance and fire by the LSO under Monteux, who here again emphasises the dramatic aspect of the music rather than its seductive sentiment. The RCA recording is rather glaring, but the LSO's woodwind sounds most distinguished.

Thurston Dart and the Philomusica have embarked on the huge task of recording Bach's orchestral music for L'Oiseau Lyre. I cannot say that the three discs of this series that I have heard so far strike me as so entirely happy and convincing as Dart's fine Purcell recordings. The virtues, and they are very real virtues, of these Bach performances are vigour and rhythmic life, lucidity and freshness. But sometimes exuberance veers on the hectic and seems to lack a background of repose. And there are some tempi which, even when proposed by so notable an authority on *Aufführungspraxis*, I find hard to swallow. The overtures to the First and Second Orchestral Suites lack the measured gait that surely belong to them, while the largo of the D minor Double Violin Concerto is quite deprived of its sublime breadth. Richard Adeney is a fine flautist, and the recordings, though rather overbrilliant, are spacious and clear.

Liszt's piano music is often regarded as a mere tournament ground on which virtuosi exhibit their abilities. But on two Vox discs Alfred Brendel plays five of the *Harmonies poétiques et religieuses* and some of the opera transcriptions and fantasies with all the virtuosity the pieces need, but to this adds a stylistic understanding and a grasp of the music's shape and purpose that are altogether exceptional. The result is that the transcriptions emerge as fascinating and quite unjustifiably spurned music, while some of the admittedly unequal *Harmonies* are shown to be masterpieces of their kind. The recordings are no more than adequate, but musically these are outstanding discs, and doubters might well try the *Bénédiction de Dieu dans la Solitude*, which Brendel plays with rare limpidity and absorption.

Among other issues worth noting is a rich but rather heavy and over-romantic performance of Reger's *Variations on a theme of Mozart* superbly played by the Berlin Philharmonic under Karl Böhm. The DGG recording is very good but Böhm does not secure much clarity in this elaborate score and lays on both emotion and texture in an unsubtle manner that is hardly likely to make converts to Reger. RCA has re-issued the complete Toscanini Beethoven recordings, which were previously available on HMV, in slightly different couplings. On Argo there is an attractive and well-recorded selection of Indian music called 'Music from Bombay'. Ducretet Thomson has produced a three-disc anthology of Indian classical music, issued under the auspices of Unesco, which has unfortunately omitted to provide the most elementary explanatory notes. To end with great music greatly performed, DGG Archive have issued another disc in the series of Walcha's magnificent account of Bach's organ works.

PETER HEYWORTH

Our readers will regret that this is the last of Mr Peter Heyworth's 'Gramophone Records' for the NEW STATESMAN. He has been writing them since the beginning of 1956. His place will be taken by Mr William Glock, editor of *The Score* and director of the Dartington Summer School of Music.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,485 **Set by P. H. D.**

Our American Literature Number will be published on 6 September. Competitors are invited to contribute excerpts from *An American's Farewell to his Fulbright* or *An Englishman's Farewell to his Rockefeller*. Limit 16 lines; entries by 26 August.

Result of No. 1,482 **Set by Scythrop**

There are enough songs in praise of drink; the usual prizes are offered for a song (limit 12 lines) in praise of any cooked dish.

Report

Plain living and high thinking must be the distinguishing mark of *NS* readers if this competi-

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tion is any guide. Fish-and-chips, sausage-and-mash and steak-and-kidney 'pud' were the favourite dishes, with stew a close runner-up. C. J. Bartlett and others sang dripping toast, Vera Mouse extolled 'Mum's bredpudding' and B. E. V. Sabine hymned tripe-and-onions. It was quite a relief to find Gertrude Pitt's salmon mayonnaise, 'majestically cold', among the cottage pies, porridge and (ugh!) baked beans on toast.

C. W. V. Wordsworth scores a double first for his 'Paella' and 'Long Pig' and wins two guineas. One guinea each to Norah Bone, Jean Stubbs, Robert D. Kempner and D. R. Peddy; and the freedom of the kitchen to L. G. Udall:

> Before we learned how to be rude
> Or blushed at people in the nude
> Ardent nymphs gave lusty fauns
> Curried, curried, curried prawns.

Eileen M. Haggitt (boiled egg), Rhoda Tuck Pook (stew), Leslie Johnson (sausages), Jean Symons (greens), Diana M. Berlow (fish-and-chips), Alison Edwards (toad-in-the-hole) and Ardie Hutchison (haggis).

LONG PIG

(*To the tune of The Absent-Minded Beggar.*)

I have dined off curried cobra to the south of Khatmandu,
I have breakfasted on monkey brains and beer,
I have seen the old Khansama boiling dumplings in the stew,
And the cloth he used is neither there nor here.
I can fancy mice in honey, or a locust shucked and raw,
Or the spit that swallows use to glue their nest.
But a lover of his fellows will agree with me, I'm sure,
That a bit of Homo Sapiens is the best.

Long Pig, Long Pig—heir of a million years—
(See the sacred cooking stones glowing like a forge.)
Never mind those toadstool clouds, they're seasonal, my dears:
Pass your plate, for Devil's sake, and gorge! gorge! gorge!

PAELLA

Estella, Estella, they're cooking up Paella
Down in old Valencia among the orange trees.
Señoras and señores, Don Pepe and Dolores,
Are seated round the copper pot with plates upon their knees.

Refrain

Paella! Paella! Arroz by any other name would never smell as sweet.
Paella! Paella! Every Spanish girl and feller
Takes it by the spoonful, every belch is tuneful,
Takes it by the shovelful to give themselves a treat.

Estella, Estella, you're sweeter than Paella,
You're cuter than the octopus, the chicken or the fish.
It's true I love Paella, but you come first, Estella,
After you, Estella, Paella is my dish.
(etc., *ad naus.*)

C. W. V. WORDSWORTH

Allow me to praise Semolina;
I thrill to its pallid off-white.
There rarely, if ever, has been a
Milk pudding so utterly right.
The P. Gs., I grant you, are keener,
For instance, on gooseberry fool,
And when I was younger (and greener)
They'd get what they liked, as a rule.
But now that I'm wiser—and meaner—
My fat bank account's my reward,
So three cheers for sweet Semolina;
I don't have to eat it, thank Gawd!

NORAH BONE

I HAVE A DEYNTEE

I have a deyntee
Me to delit,
That is a fyne podinge
Of cherryes rede and whit.

Hir cote ben so sweete,
Broune as breed.
Ful poynaunt and sharp
Hir licour so rede.

Suich a gentil podinge
As makén man delit.
I have a noble dish
Bothe rede and whit.

JEAN STUBBS

Some olive oil from sunny Spain,
A chicken from an Algiers plain,
A Lebanese chopped nut or two,
A base for a Free World Ragoût.

You add some Guatemala spice,
A pound of South Korean rice,
A pinch of West Zone malt it's true
Would better our Free World Ragoût.

Fold in one egg from Little Rock,
A Cyprus fig, some Georgetown stock,
Topped off with Coup St Jacques Massu
How tasty our Free World Ragoût!

ROBERT D. KEMPNER

COQUILLE ST JACQUES

Good St Jacques, rest content; did you really invent
This most succulent poem in fish?
I'm not often this keen on anything piscine,
But here is my dream of a dish.

For with one humble scollop (or two), plus a dollop
Of fat, and some onions and herbs,
Behold a repast that's but rarely surpassed
And no normal digestion disturbs.

You can keep tongues of larks, the prepared fins of sharks,
Turtle soup and smoked salmon as well.
There's a sturgeon in roe? Let her stay down below;
Here's a banquet in one single shell.

D. R. PEDDY

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City Lights

Big Brothers

You and I, being lazy, may find it convenient to hold that voting is a banausic matter and that politicians and company directors are best left to mismanage our affairs and our money without interference. City institutions, however, have a brisker attitude towards their responsibilities. The insurance companies and investment trusts which own a large and rapidly growing share of British industry, determined to be model investors, have recently taken to pooling their influence to discourage practices which, though perfectly legal, they regard as an infringement of the rules of managerial capitalism. First they decided to disapprove of ordinary shares without votes. Then they decided that they didn't very much like convertible debentures. Now they are informally discussing the question—pointedly raised by the recent Barclays deal with United Dominions Trust—how to protect shareholders from directors' power to dilute the value of their equity. Provided that a board of directors has persuaded any shareholders that attend the meeting to sanction an increase in authorised capital (and there is seldom any difficulty about that) it can issue new shares to whom it pleases and at what price it pleases: the UDT directors, in fact, issued to Barclays 1 million new shares on top of the 3 million already in existence at a price 20 per cent. below the market price. Whatever the practical considerations involved in this particular case, there is obviously an important point of principle which the institutions mean to worry over. Big Brother protects the small investor.

* * *

The drinks are mixed this week. The Beecham bid for Corona has been capped by a better one from Schweppes and that in turn by a better one from Beecham. Shareholders can sit happily tight in the knowledge that neither bidder (one of which includes Coca-Cola, the other Pepsi-Cola among its interests) will be glad to see the other get control of Corona; they can wonder while they sit what to think of the majority of their directors who recommended the original offer on the grounds that a highly respected firm of accountants had certified it to be fair and reasonable.

The brewers, meanwhile, are still busily merging and taking over and making arrangements with one another. Watney Combe Reid merged earlier this year with Mann Crossman and Paulin; the amalgam, Watney Mann, has now entered into (unspecified) agreements with the Bass group (which includes Worthington).

* * *

The government set up a small committee a year ago to investigate the status and organisation of the Export Credits Guarantee Department of the Board of Trade, for no apparent reason except that the department had not been investigated for a generation. The committee reported some time ago, but this fact has only just been made known and the report is not to be published. The status of the ECGD is to be upgraded as the committee is said to have recommended. What is perhaps more interesting is that the government has taken this opportunity to replace the present head of the ECGD (who has an extremely good reputation) by a Bank of England official. Grandma has been itching to get her hands on export credit insurance for some time and seems now to have succeeded.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 457. North of the Border

Let's forget the Sassenachs and have a muckle dram to honour a pair of wee bairns, not so very wee either, for George Dickson, Scottish boy champion three years ago, is all of 18 by now and one of the stalwarts of Edinburgh's St Andrew Club. In the recent Scottish Championship, Dr Aitken had to see to his laurels when scraping home a mere ½ point ahead of young Dickson who, undefeated, scored 9½ out of 11. Yet another bright hope of Scottish chess is 19-year-old M. Fallone of Glasgow who, in the first round of the championship, dashed off this neat little game.

(1) P-Q4, P-Q4; (2) B-B4, Kt-KB3; (3) Kt-KB3, P-K3; (4) QKt-Q2, QKt-Q2; (5) P-K3, B-K2; (6) P-KR3, O-O; (7) B-Q3, P-QKt3; (8) P-QB3, P-B4; (9) P-KKt4, B-Kt2; (10) P-KR4, KtxP; (11) Kt-KKt5, BxKt; (12) BxP ch, KxB; (13) PxB ch, Kt-R3; (14) Q-B2 ch, P-B4; (15) PxP e.p. ch, K-Kt1; (16) PxP etc.

Rather less of a push-over (and indeed against N. A. Perkins, no mean opponent) was young Dickson's remarkable 4th-round win.

(1) P-K4, P-QB4; (2) Kt-KB3, P-Q3; (3) P-Q4, PxP; (4) KtxP, Kt-KB3; (5) Kt-QB3, P-KKt3; (6) B-QB4, B-Kt2; (7) B-K3, O-O; (8) P-B3, Kt-B3; (9) Q-Q2, P-QR3; (10) P-KR4, P-KR4; (11) O-O-O, K-R2; (12) P-KKt4, Kt-K4; (13) B-Kt3, PxP; (14) P-B4, Kt(4)-Q2; (15) P-R5, PxP; (16) P-K5!, PxP; (17) Q-Q3 ch, K-Kt1; (18) Kt-Kt6!, Q-R4; (19) KtxR, KtxKt; (20) Kt-Q5, KtxKt; (21) BxKt, PxP; (22) RxP, B-K3; (23) B-Q4, R-Q1; (24) R(1)-R1, Kt-Kt3; (25) R-R8 ch!, BxR; (26) QxKt ch!, resigns.

Moving due South from Edinburgh to Tel-Aviv, I come across yet another bright teen-ager, Iddo Avinery, who sent me this convincing win.

(1) P-K4, P-Q3; (2) P-Q4, Kt-Q2; (3) Kt-KB3, P-QB4; (4) P-Q5, P-KKt3; (5) QKt-Q2, B-Kt2; (6) P-QR4, KKt-B3; (7) B-Kt5, Q-R4?; (8) O-O, P-QR3; (9) Kt-B4, Q-B2; (10) BxKt, BxB; (11) P-K5!, PxP; (12) P-Q6!, PxP; (13) KtxP ch, K-K2 (best); (14) Kt-B4, P-K5; (15) KKt-K5, KR-Q1; (16) B-B4, B-K3?; (17) Q-K2!, K-Kt1; (18) KtxKtP, Q-B3; (19) KKt-K5, Q-B2; (20) B-Kt3, Q-K2; [. . P-Kt4 would have been refuted by (21) PxP, PxP; (22) RxR, RxR; (23) KtxP† etc.]; (21) Kt-QKt6, R-R2; (22) P-R5, B-B4; (23) QR-Q1, RxR; (24) RxR, Q-K3; (25) Q-Q2, K-B1; (26) Q-Q8 ch, Q-K1; (27) Q-B7, Q-K3; (30) Q-Kt8 ch, resigns.

Now up North again, not quite as far as Scotland but merely up to the Midlands where Gerald Abrahams (no teen-ager he!) must have thoroughly enjoyed playing White in this position. It might as well serve as the 4-pointer for beginners, and so as to prop up their budding powers of combination I had better tell them that what matters is at all costs to screen the Black Q from where the decisive explosion is due to happen. Abrahams actually achieved a mate in 7, but that was not the only way of forcing the win.

A: G. Abrahams 1958

To please our much-neglected problem-addicts, B is a 3-mover by one of our most regular ladder-competitors. It's a neat little piece, and just about 40 years old, which should make it as good as new.

B: A. J. Head 1918

C: H. Lommer 1958

C, too (a new draw-study by our own Hon. Juror), is as home-made as it ought to be in a 'Readers' Own' week. The usual 6 and 7 ladder-points for B and C, and the usual prizes. Entries by 25 August.

REPORT on No. 454. Set 26 July

A: (1) Kt-K6! R-KKt1; (2) Kt(5)xKtP etc. (1) . . . QxKt would have been defeated by (2) RxP ch etc.

B: (1) B-R7!, P—Q; (2) QKtP—Kt ch!! (P—Q?, K-Kt4; (3) R-Kt7 ch, K-R5(B5); (4) P—Q, RxQ stalemate

C: (1) K-R8! (K-B7?, KtP—Q; (2) P—Q, BxP ch (best); (3) P-Kt7, BxP ch (best); (4) QxBf (KxB?), Q-Kt1 ch; (5) B-Kt8 QP—Q; (6) Q-Q7 ch!! QxQ stalemate

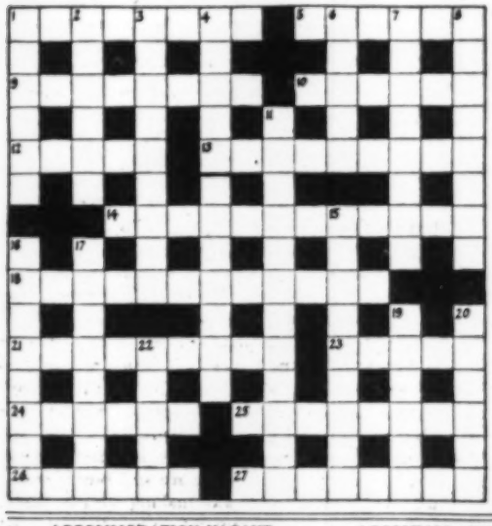
or echo, (5) . . . Q-KR7 ch; (6) B-R7, QP—Q; (7) Q-Kt4 ch!! QxQ stalemate.

Alternative solutions for A rate full marks. Erstwhile crack-solver D. E. Cohen, on home-leave from USA, shares prizes with I. Avinery, E. A. Barclay-Smith, J. W. Eccleson, J. R. Harman.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 316

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 316, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 26 Aug.



ACROSS

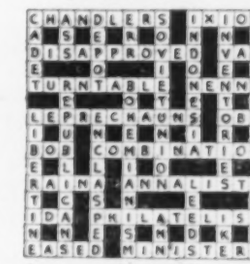
1. If the man were missing there would be a prize for the outlaw (8).
5. Preserve for love with a member in bed (6).
9. Force which puts people in to returning in silence (8).
10. Actress born with a sense of vocation (6).
12. 'Sweet bird that shunn'st the —— of folly' (Milton) (5).
13. Outside it a dry room is converted into sleeping accommodation (9).
14. I made despair turn into a wonderland (12).
18. Newspaper item which means ostracism by the crowd? (12).
21. Plant to force before the spring (9).
23. Overthrow the enclosure in town surroundings (5).
24. Guess there are four in to have a meal (6).
25. Keeping in the shop a hoard of savings (8).
26. Got money for a woman in a rotter's grip (6).
27. Kind of bar in which southern newspapermen are always to be found (8).

DOWN

1. Merciful cry about a human being (6).
2. Stay with mother in control (6).
3. The nomads might discover the answer without the German (9).
4. Circular illustrations for approximate statistics (5, 7).
6. All right with a good animal (5).
7. Kind of affection which has the ingredients of copulation without universal love (8).
8. One friend is married in ten: they all live in sin (8).
11. Protective coverings which are needed for a battle with spears (12).
15. A girl on an animal would show what this broadcaster has to do (9).
16. I am under the turf in a poem with a variety of incident (8).
17. The golf captain has almost to strike the ball for the deputies (8).
19. Has confidence about what is not true (6).
20. Slowly as a girl, a soldier, and a ring come together (6).
22. 'And the puff of a —— he mistook it for fame' (Goldsmith) (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 314



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 314

S. E. Woods (Great Bookham)
M. H. Hedley (Topsham)
Mrs C. Christian (Disley)

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Sq., W2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming comfortable service rms, with board, reasonable.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms, £4-£10, full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

ACCOM. with partial board available. 'Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

PLEASANT bed-sit., adj. Wimbledon Common. Gas fire, ring, own meter. Use bath-rm. Suit prof. lady. 42s. incl. WIM. 3279.

TO let: furn. flatlet, sep. kitchen, h. & c. Overlooking garden. Also lge b/s., h. & c., ckg facils. Crouch End. FIT. 0773.

HAMPSTEAD. To let, one lady. Lge bed-sit. room with share kit., bath very well furn. Univ. woman's own home. C.h.w., gdn, cleaning done. Phone PRI. 0480 after 7.30.

WC1. Ground flr facing gdn square. Divan b/s. & kit./din. 4½ gns. TER. 1628.

FURN. flat, comf., spacious, Swiss Cottage. Sept. month £40 inc. Wd exch. for accom. Riviera. PRI. 7693.

WELL-equipped kitchen & comfortable bed-sitter. Near tube. E3. Suit one young lady. £2 p.w. Box 2373.

FACING Primrose Hill, Regents Park Rd. 2-rmd flat, 3 wks fr. Aug. 24. Furn., crkry, linen, c.h.w., k., b. 6 gns. PRI. 1247.

INDUSTRIAL Artist, away long periods, offers share large modern working studio, Chelsea, 'phone, c.h., etc. Box 2462.

LARGE furn. bed-sitter. Quiet, pleas. flat. Belsize Park Gdns. PRImrose 2354.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

CENTRAL heating, c.h.w., linen, some laundry, china, incl. in rent of large light sgle divan room. Sep. cooking. NW2. Transport good. Popular landlady. £3 10s. WIL. 6025.

LARGE bedroom, share priv. house available for bachelor: bkfast, service 4 gns. Convenient Kensington. Box 2495.

4TH girl (Jewish) wanted share mod. flat NW3. Frig., 'phone, TV. HAM. 3439.

ALMOST self/con. flatlet & kit.-cum-bath, W8. 5 gns. 1 pers. WES. 3834.

ROOM avail. for girl, house shared by young people. Low rent. WIL. 3702.

WC1. Modern bed-sit. in centrally heated flat. Use kit., c.h.w. Suit single man. 3 gns p.w. no extras. HOL. 6237.

NON-U mew in U Mews. Half share offered woman around 30. Own bedroom. KEN 9580, evenings, weekends.

COMF. furnished bed-sit. with bkfast, dble & sgle, in mod. priv. home. C.h.w. Easy access W./End & City. HAM. 3155.

S/C. room, use kitchen, in student's (m.) W2 flat. Box 2391.

HIGHGATE Woods. Beautiful divan rooms, 2 gns sgle, 2½ gns dble. TUDor 8207.

COMF. furn. flat, living-rm, bedrm, bathrm, kit/dinette, use gdn. Borders Dulwich/Forest Hill, 20 mins Charing Cross or City. 4½ gns p.w. HIT. 2721 after 7 p.m.

NW6. S/c. 1st fl. flat, 3 rms, k., b., hall, frig., tel., crockery, bedding, well-furn. Nr buses/tube. £8 10s. MAI. 8312.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

CO-TENANT wntd perm. by young woman typographer (26) before Oct. Attrac. flat SW12. 2 min. tube. Own new, dec. semi furn. rm. Gdn, tel. £2. No snags. Box 2194.

BECKENHAM (Shortlands Station 5 mins, 25 mins Victoria or City): self-contained unfurnished flat, new decorations throughout, 5 rooms, k. & b., balcony, large garden, double garage; rent £275 incl., £500 o.n.o. for new contents, f. & f. RAV. 9702.

POTTERY with oil-fired kiln, with or without living accommodation. Abbey Art Centre. BARnet 3991.

IDEAL holiday cottage Sussex farm. Easy reach coast. Fully furnished. Sleep 5. 7½ gns. per week. Longer terms by arrangement. Tel: HAM. 5078 evgs or Ticehurst 382.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

YOUNG prof. woman reqs spacious bed-sit. (furn.) with cooking facs or tiny kit. Swiss Cott./St Johns Wood. Box 2472.

2 MEDICAL grads, f., sk furn. flat, 3 rms/kit. Mod. rent. Cen. London. FRE. 5826.

SPACIOUS furn. room, cooking fac., wanted, young business woman, Kensington/Hampstead. Box 2500.

UNFURNISHED flatlet wanted at once by middle-aged woman. Westminster or Chelsea preferred. Box 2144.

UNIVERSITY couple seek s.c. central accom. Max. 5 gns. WES. 3444 evenings.

COUPLE Jewish faith, unorthodox, seek accom. with board pref. W9, good remunrn for well-furn. comf. home. Box 2460.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED—continued

3-ROOM furn. s.c. flat nr French Lycee or dir. tube/bus to it. University family. Though American, pocketbook ltd. Box 2193.

MUSICIAN seeks flat NW London. Some caretaking possible. Box 2520.

S. AFRICAN woman, Oxford grad., qual. musician, domest., sks board, lodging in/nr Lond. Reductn for some serv. Box 2479.

LADY reqs furn. home in form of s/c 2-3 rm'd flat with pleas. atmosphere, for 1 to 2 yrs from mid Sept. Pref. in or nr Hampstead. Highest refs. Box 2531.

PROF. woman, also studying, seeks large s/c. room or flatlet. WC1 or close University. Max. £3. Box 2523.

2 YOUNG men (house-trained) seek furn. or partly furn. flat. About £4. Box 2542.

TWO social workers require furn. flat Central London. Sept. EUS. 3904 evgs.

ACCOMMODATION EXCHANGE

UNFURN. family flat Ealing, 5 rooms, k. & b., garden, in exchange tenancy country/seaside daily reach London. Box 2455.

PROPERTY TO LET

SEMI-detached 8-roomed house, garden, Putney. Vegetarians or Nature Cure people pref'd. Rent £350 excl. rates. Box 2492.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

BARGAIN, two Cottages, £750; unspoiled village, N. Essex (3 m. Audley End, main London to Cambs.). Brick & tile, each 4 rooms. El. & W. tap. View Holland of Arkesden, then 'phone CHA. 7000.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

cost 6s. per line (average six words), minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week.

N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1 Telephone HOLborn 8471

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

BRITISH TRANSPORT COMMISSION

ASSISTANT PUBLICATIONS OFFICER required in the Publicity Division of the Public Relations Adviser's Department at Commission Headquarters. Responsible for editing and preparing for printers wide range of publications covering all B.T.C. Activities. Keen, analytical mind; able to interpret high-level transport policy and to guide and direct the work of experienced writers. Good command of written English. University degree an advantage. Salary range £1340-£1560; Superannuation Scheme; certain free travel facilities; medical examination.

Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, to be sent within 14 days to Principal Establishment and Staff Officer, British Transport Commission, 222 Marylebone Road, London, NW1; stamped addressed envelope for acknowledgement.

NORFOLK EDUCATION COMMITTEE

Chief Education Officer:
Dr F. Lincoln Ralphs, MSc, LLB

THE COUNTY TECHNICAL COLLEGE, KING'S LYNN

Applications are invited from String Specialists for a teaching appointment based on the College but with extra-mural responsibilities.

Candidates should be able to teach all stringed instruments and should be a competent performer on at least one. The work will be amongst both adults and school children.

Salary in accordance with Grade 'A' of Burnham Technical Scale.

Application forms (S.A.E.) to be returned as soon as possible, obtainable from the Chief Education Officer, County Education Office, Stracey Road, Norwich.

WESTMORLAND EDUCATION COMMITTEE

KIRKBY STEPHEN GRAMMAR SCHOOL

Bilateral Grammar/Modern 420 boys and girls, opened in new buildings 1955.

Required, if possible for September 1958, or as soon thereafter as possible up to January, 1959, the following assistants:—

1. Master or Mistress as Head of the English Department, teaching to O, A and S levels. (Grade B, allowance of £200.) The present holder of the post has been appointed to a Headship.
2. Mistress to take charge of girls' Physical Education (including games).
3. Non-graduate Mistress to teach general subjects to the modern streams, and if possible give some time to small groups of backward children.

For all the above posts applications for temporary appointments would be considered

Apply by letter to the Headmaster as soon as possible, with full professional details, copy testimonials and names of references.

GRANADA TV

require a director, either, sex, for their regular Welsh programmes. Knowledge of language and country. Theatrical, film or advertising background might substitute for television experience. Write Harry Elton,

GRANADA TV NETWORK LTD., Manchester, 3.

LANCASHIRE County Council. Librarian required at Prestwich Hospital (Mental), near Manchester. Salary £575-£725 (starting point according to experience and qualifications). Librarian will be required, if necessary, to undertake and/or organise educational activities for the patients. Applicants should be Chartered Librarians or holders of equivalent qualifications in Education or Social Science. Appointment superannuable and subject to medical examination. Application (with copies of 2 testimonials) to County Librarian, County Hall, Preston, by 29 Aug.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WEST RIDING COUNTY COUNCIL

ADULT COLLEGE
GRANTLEY HALL, Nr. RIPON

Applications are invited from suitably qualified men and women for the post of Deputy Warden at the Authority's residential Adult College at Grantley Hall, near Ripon. The College holds courses in a wide variety of subjects, and the Deputy Warden will act for the Warden as required, will be required to lecture, lead discussion groups and play a prominent part in the activities of the College. He/she should be well qualified academically and have a keen interest in adult education. Salary in accordance with the Burnham Scale plus full board residence and most attractive rooms in the College.

Applications already submitted will be reconsidered.

Further information and forms of application may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Wakefield. Completed forms should be returned before 5 September 1958.

WEST HERTS GROUP HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE
PEACE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL:
WATFORD CHEST CLINIC

SENIOR RADIOGRAPHER required to take charge of the Radiographic Services to the Watford Chest Clinic and associated Chest Unit at Holywell Hospital consisting of 32 Tuberculosis beds and 16 non-tuberculosis chest diseases beds. There is also a small fever unit of 10 beds. This is an interesting post requiring ability to organise and build up a developing service. Young Radiographer anxious to gain experience with a view to becoming a Superintendent Radiographer would find this post a useful stepping-stone. Applications in writing, stating age and experience, together with copies of two testimonials, should be made to the Physician-in-Charge, Watford Chest Clinic, Peace Memorial Hospital, Watford, Herts.

Middlesex County Council Education Committee

BRUNEL COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY

Woodlands Avenue, Acton, W3

Required: ASSISTANT GRADE B in WORK STUDY in the Department of Management and Production Engineering. Candidates should have a degree in Electrical or Mechanical Engineering and an interest in developing work study teaching in collaboration with industrial firms.

Salary in accordance with the Burnham (Technical) Report 1956

Apply immediately to the Principal (S.A.E.)

C. E. GURR, MSc, PhD.
Clerk to the Governing Body.

MINISTRY of Labour and National Service requires Senior Information Officer (Male British subject) for Press Officer post in London. Temporary appointment leading to permanent post carrying benefits under the Superannuation Acts. Qualifications: good standard of general education, practical experience on newspaper editorial staff and understanding of industrial affairs. Experience as industrial reporter an advantage. Duties: Preparation of Press Notices; liaison with newspaper, radio and television correspondents; organisation of Press and photographic facilities for journalists from home and overseas; attendance at meetings and preparation of reports. Supervision of Press Cuttings Service and maintenance of reference files. Salary (including London addition), according to qualifications and experience, within range of £1,350, rising by five annual increments to £1,605. 5-day week. Applications giving age, education, qualifications, experience and present salary, to the Professional and Executive Register, Atlantic House, Farringdon Street, EC1, before 23 August 1958. Candidates who have already applied in response to the recent advert should not apply again.

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Cttee. Educational Psychologist (Full-time) reqd at Ealing Child Guidance Centre, 42 Madeley Rd, Ealing, W5. Hons degree in Psychology or equiv. Recognised clinical training, teaching exper. & prev. exper. as Educational Psychologist desirable. Salary (Soulbury II) £1,150 to £1,400 p.a. (male) £1,094 6s. to £1,319 9s. p.a. (female). Appointment may be made above minimum accdg. to quals & exper. Established, prescribed conditions. Application forms (stmp. add f'scap. env.) from Chief Education Officer, 10 Great George St, SW1, returnable by 29 September. (Quote X985 N.S. & N.) Canvassing disqualifies.

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Cttee. Psychotherapist (Part-time) reqd at Uxbridge Child Guidance Centre for four sessions p. wk. Hons degree in Psychology with recognised training &/or equiv. exper. in Child Psychotherapy. Salary: £2 10s p. 3-hr session. Application forms from Chief Education Officer (Ref. G P.), 10 Great George St, SW1, returnable by 5 Sept. (Quote Y.12 NS.)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON Executive Council (National Health Service). (The London Executive Council is responsible for the administration in the County of London of the general medical and general dental services, the pharmaceutical service and the supplementary ophthalmic service. The post now advertised is the senior post in the Executive Council branch of the National Health Service.) Applications are invited from suitably qualified and experienced persons for the whole-time post of Clerk of the Council. Previous experience in Executive Council administration will be an advantage. The salary will be in accordance with the Scale approved by the Minister of Health, namely, £1,809 rising by annual increments of £56(1), £84(3), £42(1) to £2,159 per annum. London weighting of £50 is also payable. The appointment will be subject to (a) the approval of the Minister of Health; (b) the provisions of the National Health Service (Superannuation) Regulations; (c) the Conditions of Service in force at the appropriate time, and will be determinable by six months' notice on either side. The successful candidate will be required to take office on 1 April, 1959, and may be required to pass a medical examination. Canvassing in any form will lead to disqualification. Applications, stating age, qualifications, experience and particulars of present appointment, together with the names and addresses of two referees, should be addressed to 'The Chairman, London Executive Council, Insurance House, Insurance Street, WC1,' and posted to arrive not later than 12 noon on 25 September, 1958. Envelopes should be endorsed 'Clerkship'. —J. Green, Chairman of the Council.

UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh. Chair of Logic and Metaphysics. The Curators of Patronage will shortly proceed to make an appointment to the above Chair, which will become vacant on 1 October 1959. The terms and conditions of appointment may be obtained from the undersigned, with whom applications (eight copies), giving the names of two referees, and including any testimonials or evidence candidates may wish to offer, should be lodged not later than 30 September 1958. Overseas candidates may submit one copy of their application. G. I. L. Somerville, W.S., Secretary to the Curators of Patronage, 4 Albyn Place, Edinburgh 2.

GOVERNMENT of Federation of Nigeria. Social Welfare Officer (man or woman), preferably between 30 and 40, required to take charge of the Family Welfare Centre in Lagos for Africans. University degree, diploma or certificate in social science, with experience in family case-work essential. Post is temporary on contract for two tours of eighteen to twenty-four months each. Inclusive salary scale £789 to £1,530 p.a. Gratuity on completion of engagement. Taxation at local rates lower than in U.K. Generous home leave on full pay. Free passages. Quarters at low rental. Free medical attendance. Children's allowances. Further particulars and application forms from the Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, London, SW1, quoting BCD 130/14/05.

CHEMIST interested in polymers and their industrial applications to take charge of laboratory. Good salary for necessary experience and qualifications. Apply Personnel Officer, Scott Bader & Co. Ltd, Wollaston, Wellingborough, Northamptonshire.

QUALIFIED Assistant Teacher. Applications are invited for the above post in this Home Office Approved School for 72 Senior Boys – age range – 15 to 18. Wide general teaching experience an asset, including the teaching of educationally sub-normal pupils. Ability to teach one or more of the following subjects – Music, Handicrafts, Art, Games – will be an added recommendation. Applications from experienced teachers of Science welcomed. Equally important with the above is an attitude of enthusiasm for a job presenting a challenge. Many of the boys are dull, almost all are immature and unstable often presenting acute behaviour problems. All instruction is closely linked with character training and the man appointed will be expected to be active in the general life of the school. The salary is Burnham Scale plus four increments (£575 × £25 to £1,000) plus any appropriate allowances. Payment is made for extraneous duty at the rate of £180 per annum. For a married man with a small family a house is available at a rent of £44 6s. 0d. per annum, and for a single man there is accommodation in the school for which a repayment of £120 will be made. Applications, which should be as detailed as possible (no forms) together with names of three referees to Headmaster, Dobroyd Castle School, Todmorden, Lancashire.

QUALIFIED nursery teacher in country house. Creative ability, good organiser for needy children of varying ages. Opportunity for original thinker. Only those with love and patience need apply. Box 2545.

A RESIDENT Science Teacher who, for considerably less than Burnham, could enjoy living and working on a friendly non-authoritarian footing with about 40 boys and girls aged 5 to 17, is needed in September or as soon after as possible, by parent-owned New Sherwood School, Epsom, Surrey. Write to John Wood.

VOCATIONAL Guidance – The VGA Scheme offers a unique answer to the problem of planning a career. Apply Secretary, The Vocational Guidance Association, 37a Devonshire Street, W1 (WELbeck 8017).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

GRAYLINGWELL Hospital, Chichester. Applications are invited for the post of Senior Psychologist. Candidates must be qualified and experienced in accordance with Ministry of Health requirements and the salary and conditions of service are those laid down for Psychologists in the National Health Service. Applications with full particulars and the names and addresses of two referees, to be sent as soon as possible to the Medical Superintendent from whom further particulars may be obtained.

COUNTY Borough of East Ham. Senior Educational Psychologist (full or part-time) required immediately for period of approximately six months. Candidates should (a) hold a degree in Psychology or its equivalent, (b) have pursued a post-graduate training course in Educational Psychology, (c) have had teaching experience, and (d) have held a post as Educational Psychologist. Salary in accordance with Scale II for Educational Psychologists (Soulbury Award). Proportionate salary for sessional employment. Particulars and application form (returnable by 29 August 1958) from the Chief Education Officer, Education Office, Town Hall Annexe, Barking Road, London, E6.

CHILD Welfare Officers. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for a limited number of positions of Child Welfare Officer and also for inclusion in a 'panel' which will be formed of successful candidates for whom no immediate vacancies exist. The duties include dealing with applications for reception into care, rehabilitation boarding-out, adoption and other field work associated with deprived children. Candidates should have previous experience in child care or allied social work and, preferably, should be academically qualified. Salary: £630-£927 10s. Qualifications and experience will be taken into account in determining starting salary. Application forms and further details may be obtained from the Children's Officer (CH/E1/1439), L.C.C., County Hall, SE1.

MIDDLESEX County Council—County Health Department. Psychiatric Social Workers for both pre- and after-care in Community Care Service, reqd initially in East Division, Tottenham; West Division, Yiewsley; and Central Division, Willesden. Good office accom. and clerical assistance available. Position offers scope and interest in this field of psychiatric social work. P.T.A. quals and salary. Established, subject to medical assessment. Prescribed conditions. Car allowance considered. Apply, stating age, quals, exper. and names of two referees, to County Medical Officer (Ref. 'S'), 3, 5 and 7 Old Queen Street, SW1, by 28 August. (Quote X.890, NS.) Canvassing disqualifies.

BROOKWOOD Hospital Management Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker at the above hospital accommodating 1,850 patients. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Conditions of service will be as recommended by Professional and Technical Council A, National Health Service Superannuation Regulations will apply. Applications, giving full details of qualification and experience together with names of 3 referees should be sent to Sec., Brookwood Hospital, Knaphill, Woking, Surrey, as soon as possible.

CHILD Care Officer (man) holding Social Science/HO Certificate Child Care required supervise boys aged 15-21 in Surrey area. Headquarters London. Temp. appt. one year. Able drive car. Travelling expenses and subs allowances. Salary within new APT Grade I according to experience, plus London Weighting. Transferable Superannuation Scheme. Apply in writing within 14 days of this notice stating age, qualifications, experience, enclosing copy testimonials and names of two referees to the Children's Officer, Thomas Coram Foundation, 40 Brunswick Sq., WC1.

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £30 16s. 8d. per month, less valuation of emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

LONDON County Council. Children's Department. Resident Deputy Warden (Woman) required at a home for 27 girls aged 14-18 years opening in September at Watford, Herts, to assist in the general administration of the home and to take control in the warden's absence. Her duties will include a share in the care and training of the girls and also some teaching. Applications invited from qualified assistant teachers who are seeking an interesting post wher initiative, originality and constructive ideas will be required. Some residential or child care experience would be an advantage. Salary: Prescribed Burnham Scale for Assistant Teachers with four additional increments which are to be carried beyond the maximum, subject to deduction of £128 8s per annum for board, lodging and laundry provided; single accommodation. Annual leave 8 weeks including Bank Holidays. Further details and application form obtainable from Children's Officer (Ref. CH/G3/1558), LCC, County Hall, London, SE1.

SOCIAL worker, preferably Psychiatric Social Worker or Almoner, required immediately for Department of Child and Family Psychiatry, Ipswich & East Suffolk Hospital, 11 Fore Street, Ipswich. Particulars from address.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Education Officers' Department. Experienced Social Workers, designated assistant organisers of children's care work, required to recruit, train, and advise voluntary workers forming care committees attached to London Schools. Opportunities for wide and varied work dealing with school children in their family relationships. Social science qualifications and/or experience of family case work desirable. Salary £592 10s. × £37 10s. – £742 10s. × £35 – £777 10s. × £15 – £792 10s. Commencing rate according to qualifications and experience. Application forms with full details, obtainable from Education Officer (EO/Estab. 2C), The County Hall, London, SE1, returnable by 29 August, 1958. (1508).

ASSISTANT Wardens for mens' and boys' hostels in London. Some experience preferred. Salary £5, plus board. Write Secretary, 34 Ashburn Place, SW7.

LONDON County Council. Experienced social worker preferably with social science qualifs reqd for permanent appointment as Assistant Local Organiser under Mental Deficiency Acts. Duties incl. visiting and reporting on mental defectives living in the community. Salary £592 10s.-£792 10s.; commencing point accdg to qualifcns and expce, abated commencing salary for persons under 24. Apply Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1/1467), County Hall, SE1, forms retnble by 25 Aug.

MARRIED couples required to take charge of cottages accommodating 22 children aged 2 to 15 in grouped children's home in Essex. Wife's salary £475 – £550 plus £25 a year for Home Office Certificate. Husband receives free board etc. in return for duties with children in evenings and weekends whilst following own occupation during day. Home is within easy reach of London, Dagenham etc. Charge of £128 8s. for wife's year board etc. Experience or training in child care work essential for wife, but not for husband. Apply Children's Officer (CH/NEDO/1461) London County Council, County Hall, SE1.

A RESIDENT Bursar/secretary or Bursar/teacher (single man) is required for the Mulberry Bush School at Standlake, Nr. Witney. (A special school of maladjusted children fully recognised by the Ministry of Education: age range 5-12.) The Bursar will need to be experienced in management, able to deal with accounts, and to organise budgeting and expenditure. He will be one of the treatment team. Salary will depend on experience and qualifications and include full board and lodging.

DEPUTY Superintendent for Nursery at Heathfield, Sussex. This nursery for 54 children under 5 years – including 9 bottle babies – pleasantly situated in the heart of Sussex, needs a Deputy Superintendent who is experienced in residential nursery or similar work. This position calls for a woman of resource and initiative with a sound knowledge of modern child care methods and domestic management. The possession of a nursing and/or institutional management qualification will be an advantage. Salary: £535-£607 10s. according to qualifications, less £128 8s. for board, etc. 6 weeks annual leave. Pensionable position. Good prospects of promotion. Closing date 23 August 1958. Application form and further details from: Children's Officer (SEDO/1423), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, SE1.

CHILD Care. Resident Superintendent (temporary) reqd at Tudor Lodge Residential Nursery, Wimbledon Parkside, London, SW19, accmmdg 44 children 0 to 5 years. Nursery recognised for training. Candidates must have genuine understanding of and interest in needs of deprived children and be in full accord with modern approach to child care. Nursing and/or Institutional Management qualfcns desirable; previous expce. essential. Salary within scale £630 × £22 10s – £720, less £128 8s. per annum for board, lodging, etc. Six weeks' annual leave (incl. Bank Holidays). Comf. furn. single accom. Apply Children's Officer (CH/WDO/1392), County Hall, SE1, by 30 Aug.

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Committee. Full-time Psychiatric Social Worker reqd initially at Edmonton Child Guidance Centre. Must hold approved Mental Health Cert. P.T.A. salary, with London weighting. Established post (one of three at Centre) subject to medical assessment & prescribed conditions. Application forms (stampd add env.) from Borough Education Officer, Brettenham Road, Edmonton, N18, returnable by 28 August (Quote X.927 NSN). Canvassing disqualifies.

LONDON County Council. Occupational Therapist (whole-time) required to give diversional therapy to home bound tuberculous patients in East London. Whitley Council Senior Occupational Therapist salary and conditions. Application forms (returnable by 25 August) and particulars from Divisional Medical Officer, 273 Bancroft Road, Mile End, E1. (1486.)

NATIONAL Marriage Guidance Council has vacancy for competent person. Interesting work in small friendly office. Accurate typing essential, some shorthand. Hours 9-5, no Sats. Applications to Office Secretary, NMGC, 78 Duke Street, W1.

SECRETARY required by director of book publishers. Proficient shorthand essential. Small amount of figure work. Peter Owen, 50 Old Brompton Rd, SW7. Tel. KEN. 5336.

UNIVERSITY College of South Wales and Monmouthshire. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Law in the Department of Economics and Social Science. Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience, in the range of £900 to £1,350 p.a. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Cathays Park, Cardiff, to whom six copies of applications should be sent not later than 6 September, 1958.

COMPUTRESS. A small group engaged in statistical research at a well-known American University seeks a capable computress who wishes to move at her own expense to the United States. The post involves the opportunity to employ, and if necessary to be instructed in the use of, a medium-sized electronic computer. Send details of experience and references to Box 2264.

BRAZIERS requires horticulturist starting end August. Apply Warden, Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon.

SENIOR Shorthand-Typist required for responsible and interesting job in head office of Trade Union. Some secretarial work, preparation of minutes and arranging of meetings and conferences: 5-day 35-hour week: good conditions, pension. Salary to commence around £575 p.a. Apply in writing, giving age and experience, to General Secretary, Association of Engineering and Shipbuilding Draughtsmen, Onslow Hall, Little Green, Richmond, Surrey.

SECRETARY, full- or part-time. Efficient. Flair for business of Mathematical Instrument & Advtg novelties. Small office nr Camden Town. Closed Jewish hols. Convex. 41 Brecknock Rd, N7.

PSYCHOANALYST requires efficient & reliable person to act as clerk-typist-secretary. Half-time. St John's Wood. Box 2491

PUBLIC-spirited man offered part-time organising appointment, evenings, Saturday or other times. Car an advantage but not essential. Opportunity for responsible man to help further build well-known work for Overseas Relief, in London or provinces. Phone Faulkner, GERrard 2554 or write Berwick House, 139 Oxford St, London, W1.

EDITOR, new History magazine, reqs part-time secretary. Hours flexible. Past & Future, 34 Hillgate Place, London, W8.

SECRETARY, 24/35, for MP. Interesting post. Apply Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W1. HUNter 0676.

PART-time circulation assistant (f) for monthly magazine, WC2. 15-20 hrs per wk. Salary by arrangement. Box 2532.

WANTED, Girl asst. for 1 mth. Woodlands Holiday Camp, Sevenoaks, Kent.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

GENTLEWOMAN 50, seeks genuine res. post to Gentleman. Chauffeuse-secretarial-light nursing-hostess. Cheerful, kind, travld. Own car. Interview desired. Box 2407.

23-year-old Journalist (m.) seeks any interesting position outside British Isles. Wide interests, willing to learn and accept small salary at first. Box 2541.

EXPERIENCED Lady Housekeeper seeks post to gentleman. Surrey, Sussex or Hampshire preferred; own furniture if necessary. Mrs A. M. Highton, Home Farm, Bearwood, Wokingham, Berks.

GERMAN and Scandinavian Mother's Helps. Spanish maids, etc., supplied constantly by Beckenham Bureau, Village Way, Beckenham. BEC. 8329.

PERSONAL

THE NERVE CENTRE
87 Westbourne Terrace, London, W2
Tel.: Ambassador 4041.
PHYSIOTHERAPY,
Massage, Manipulation, Stimulating Nerve Treatment, Relaxation-Therapy, Neuro-Muscular Technique.
Ask for brochure on Strain and Stress conditions.

ALDERMASTON picket (21 July-21 September). Many more volunteers needed. Details from Direct Action Committee Against Nuclear War, 344 Seven Sisters Rd, N4. 'Phone STA. 7062.

FOSTER Parents required for 7½ -year-old boy in urgent need of permanent home (London or East Anglia) where he can 'belong' without having excessive emotional demands made on him. Must be other children in family. Apply Area 5, LCC Children's Department, 124-128 Bethnal Green Road, E2. (1498)

FRANCE. Lady car-owner resident Riviera required temporarily for market research work. Box 2411.

BACHELOR, prof. & fortyish, seeks companion (m) hols & wkends. Box 2380.

BACHELOR, 30, with car seeks companion (m) share expenses tour England/Scotland 23 Aug.-7 Sept. Box 1843.

MOTORCYCLING. Advertiser would like to join rider (cheerful, active type) for holiday abroad. Has own kit. Box 2379.

YOUNG man (23) resident Cambridge, offers hospitality to another for weekends, etc. Box 2450.

PERSONAL—continued

SPAIN. 1 or 2 car seats available 11-28 Sept. 86 Eton Hall, London, NW3.

LADY seeks hitch-hiking companion (f.) tour Continent late August. Box 2482.

STUDENT (m., 26) going Darmstadt 30 Aug. sks lift. Non-driver. FID. 5109 evgs.

GRAMMAR schoolmaster (26) seeks person to join in search for flat Hampstead. Please write Box 2449.

WOULD readers offer bach. suggestions enjoyable holiday abroad. Box 2433.

BACHELOR, 30's, seeks companion (m.) from N. Wales coast area only. Box 2522.

PROJECT for country retreat for thinking people. 30 miles London. Support wanted. Box 2476.

SPANISH/French lessons, gram., convers., exp. lady's flat, WC1. Box 2444.

WOULD garden-lover like rent-free single flatlet, small Georgian house, close sea, charming spot N. Wales, return care 1 acre easy garden, occ. caretaking. Box 2437.

WINTER Sports. Why not get up your own party of 15 members and enjoy a free winter sports holiday? Details of this suggestion and advance information on our Winter Sports arrangements 1958-9 from Erna Low, 47(W) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

FOREIGN girls, domesticated and willing, long/short periods available. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7. KNI. 4132.

CONTINENTAL Touring. We take you by car through Europe; parties of three at 4d per mile per person all inclusive, during September and October. Jugoslavian Riviera? Austrian lakes? Italy? Plan your route with us. We arrange hotels, rail and air connections. Or rent a car to drive yourself for £20 per week. Write to Auto Europa, 46 Theobalds Road London, WC1.

A NON-professional central London Dramatic company requires additional members for progressive productions. Write Box A 721 c/o Streets, 110 Old Broad St, EC2.

SMALL, informal parties are now being arranged for members to meet one another at theatres, cinemas, dances, art exhibitions, music circles, At Homes, etc. Send s.a.e. for particulars and programme to The Companions Club, 11c Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St, London, W1.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts. Join now. Entrance Fee suspended during summer. Special terms for married couples and students. Apply: Secretary, ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. GRO. 6186.

POETRY Week-end – Walter de la Mare: 5-8 Sept. at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; & 'Bookbinding.' Send for autumn handlist.

HUMANISM – a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un. 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

JOURNALIST writes speeches, reports, articles, etc. Write Box 6993.

PLANNED Families booklet free. Write Court Surgical Stores Ltd, 12 Marriott's Court, Manchester, for price list of our surgical goods, etc.

BEDWETTING can be stopped by wonderful new method. Free information. Enurex Co., 119 Oxford St, London, W1.

LYRICS and sketches required. Scripts to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, WC2.

HOLIDAY Help: foreign girls seek 'au pair' posts Aug.-Oct. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St, SW3. KEN. 1586.

CHILDREN'S Seaside Holiday School. Every care. 4-12 yrs. Thanet House, 18 Callis Court Rd, Broadstairs. Thanet 62733.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd, Regent House, Regent St, W1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving dets & fees for our Course & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the faith & practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, NW1.

THE Art of Seeing. Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr Bates, the celebrated American oculist & author of 'Good Sight Without Glasses' may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett (LANgham 3626 and Brighton 52663).

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept. N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. The Regent Institute (Dept E./191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

ADRIAN. It's no use your saying you took the wrong turning. Now that the new National Benzole road maps are available, no motorist should ever lose his way. From National Benzole garages & filling stations 1s.

PERSONAL—continued

IF your experience(s) at the photographer's have been less than good, you may find that the results, as one recent client put it, are unexpectedly good when you come to Anthony Panting's Studio at 30 Abbey Gardens, NW8. MAI. 3200.

CHILDREN over 3 welcomed as P.G.s. Mr & Mrs P. D. Wilson, The Gables, Halland, Lewes, Sx. (Tel Halland 268.)

CAMERA Advice Centre specialises in developing of films by inspection, and quality enlarging. 54 Park Road (cont. Baker St), NW1.

PLANNED Family Requisites. List s.a.e. Surgical Stores, 10a Dartmouth Rd, SE23.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern Portable machines for hire from £1 monthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins. WEL. 6655 for details.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Tel. HAM. 2019. Freedom & self-government for day children and weekly boarders. Small classes. Tuition fee 27½ gns.; weekly boarders, 30 gns. extra a term. Headmaster: J. East.

INDIVID. teaching in group for children retarded by emotional difficulties. Mrs Flynn BA, 12 Lambolle Rd, NW3. SWI. 3653.

FOR freedom and self-government, Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and Girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, MA, Ed.B.

MERLAND House Preparatory School, 130 Dorset Rd., Bexhill. Vacs. 5-10 years.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School farm. T.T. cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys & girls 9-18. Principals Carl & Eleanor Urban.

RUDOLF Steiner Schools Fellowship – Education for children from the Nursery to University Entrance. Information regarding the educational work of Rudolf Steiner Schools, reference books, availability of Lecturers, etc., can be obtained from the Secretary, Wynstones School, Weddon, Gloucester.

THE Town and Country School, 58-40 Eton Avenue, NW3 (SWI 3319). Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. GCE Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends & sum. holidays. Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland, Chiltern Hills, 750ft). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, PhD; M. D. C. Graham, MA (Oxon).

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DUPLICATING, Typewriting & all Secretarial Services. Circularising. Dictation by telephone. Translns., Music copying. Apollo Agency, 18 Hanover St, W1. MAY. 5091.

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DUCKLINGS. Young Roasting Aylesburys, 5½ to 6½lb., 22s. 6d. dressed, post free, The Silverburn Farm Co., 'Silverburn', Brereton Heath Lane, Congleton, Cheshire.

LIKE the exciting Spanish flavour of Flamenco dancing? Here are two other fine Spanish flavours, equally irresistible—El Cid Amontillado and Fino Feria. Both are superb Duff Gordon Sherries.

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FOR Sale: 'New Statesman', complete from July 1946, 'Partisan Review', 1947/53 (incomplete); Fitted Gipsy Caravan, £75; Norwegian Linguaphone.

WANTED: Logue, Christopher, 'Devil, Maggot & Son'.

Send no money or goods in reply, but write first to N.S. Readers' Market (separate letter for each item). The charge to advertisers is 4s. first, 1s. each additional word and covers the cost of forwarding replies.

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THE ROYAL BALLET

Season 18 August to 13 September
Evgs 7.30, Mats Sats 2.30

18 & 23 August. The Sleeping Beauty.
19 August. The Prince of the Pagodas.
20 August. Les Sylphides, Agon (1st perf.), Daphnis and Chloe.
21 August. Ballet Imperial, Giselle.
22 August. Ballet Imperial, Agon, The Firebird.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
Tel. TERminus 1672

Until 6 September
Evenings 7.0, Mats Sats 2.30
Feliks Parnell's

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THEATRES

ARTS TEM. 3334. Tu/Fri. Evgs. 8.0. Sat. Sun. 5, 8. Noon Has No Shadow. Mems.

HOVENDEN, Garrick Yard, St Martin's Lane, COV. 0660. 'Comedy of Errors'. 10-22 Aug. Nightly 8.00 (Ex. Sat.) Ann. Sub. 7s. 6d. (48 hrs notice reqd for membership). 'If the Hovenden were ever to close it would be a loss to London.' T.E.S. 4/7/58.

IRVING, WHI. 8657. Non-Stop Glamour Revue 2-yr fr.2.30, Sun. 4 8th Ed. Call or send 27s. 6d. for mems., tikt & free mag.

ROYAL Court. Evgs. 8. Sat. 5, 8.15 Wed. 2.30. Joan Plowright in The Chairs & The Lesson by Ionesco. Ends 23 August.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'Wally Pone' a new musical. Thurs.-Sun. 7.45 mems.

CONCERTS

ROYAL ALBERT HALL
BBC presents 64th Season

HENRY WOOD
PROMENADE CONCERTS

Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30
Until Sat., 20 September.

Tickets: 8s. 6d., 6s., 4s., at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade, 2s. 6d., available nightly at doors.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981) Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns), H. G. Clouzot's 'The Picasso Mystery' (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Summer Revivals. Until 17 Aug.: 'An Outcast of the Islands' (A). From 18 Aug.: 'Cry, The Beloved Country' (A). From 21 Aug.: Helpmann, Massine, The Tales of Hoffman (U).

ROXY. Bay. 2345, Wk c. 17 Aug. 7 days. Bette Davis, Debbie Reynolds, 'Wedding Breakfast', (U), 'Fear Strikes Out', (A).

ANNIVERSARY celebration Liberation of Rumania. Rumanian and English Folk Songs. Dancers in national costume. Ghandi Hall, 41 Fitzroy Sq. (off Tottenham Ct Rd), Sunday 24 Aug., at 7.30. BRFA, 27 Red Lion St, WC1. (CHA. 4568).

SUMMER party, Sun. 17 Aug. 6 p.m., 3s. 6d. refreshments incl. Cen. Lon. Fabian Soc., 8 Hampstead Hill Gdns, NW3.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Reproductions, about 100 subjects mostly 50s. plus 7s. 2d. tax, on view daily at 11 Great Turnstile, WC2. Illustrated Catalogue, 1s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W.1. Gregory Fellowship Exhibition: Armitage, Butler, Dalwood, Davie, Frost, Frey. Till 20 Sept. Adm. 1s. Members free. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery. 18-30 August. Paintings by Boles, Clayden, Derry, Harris, Hill, Senior. Sculpture by Fullard, Dobson, Plumb. 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAYfair 4419. 10-6 Daily, 10-1 Sats.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. XIX & XX Century European Masters. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-12.30.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Keith Leonard; Erich Kahn; Alex Flett. Till 30 Aug. Dly 10-6; Sats 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, W1. Summer Exhibition of 1958 English & French paintings watercolours, & original lithographs. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Exhibition closes 30 Aug.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of Allan Ramsay, Painter-in-Ordinary to George III. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

CORSHAM Court, Nr Bath. Open every day except Mondays. Elizabethan; Georgian interior. Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters. 11-12.30, 2-6. 2s. 6d.

BRIGHTON, Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. State and private apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Period costumes. The Londonderry Ambassadorial Silver. Open 10 to 8 daily including Sundays.

ART Treasures from Japan. An Arts Council Exhibition, Victoria & Albert Museum. Closes Tomorrow. Sat. 10-6. Sun. 2.30-6. Admission 2s. 6d.

THE Waddington Galleries. Three Painters. Ivon Hitchens, Jack B. Yeats, Roderic O'Conor and 'Colour, Form & Line'. Daily 10-6 Sat. 10-1. 2, Cork St, W1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Giacometti, Marini, Matisse, Moore. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1. Until 13 Sept.

ST George's Gallery: Exhibition of the 40 best British Etchings, Lithographs, etc., of 1958. Colour transparency catalogue illustrating all 40, 5s. post free. 7 Cork St, W1.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St, W1 Seven Indian painters in Europe.

POLLOCK'S Toy Museum and Toy Theatres. Admission free. Open 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. 44 Monmouth Street, Cambridge Circus, WC2.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Avenue. Durga Lall. Until 7 September.

CAS Exhibition at the Tate Gallery, last week, exhibition closes 21 August.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CENTRAL London Fabian Soc. 'Women in Contemporary Society' at Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1, Wed. 20 Aug. Vis 2s.

GENERAL Zionist Organisation of Great Britain. Thursday Social Evenings at Café Montmartre, 225 Finchley Road, NW3 (one min. Finchley Rd Met.). Professor M. Ginsberg welcomes visiting students of Tel-Aviv University on Thursday, 21 August, at 8 p.m. Readings from Bialik. Adm. free. Refreshments 2s. 6d. N.B. Social Evgs every Thurs. Hon. Sec. Mrs H. H. Allen. SPE. 3328.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 23 Aug. 6 pm. M. Claude Le Saché (Alliance Française): Le cinéma en France.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, Paddington, W2. Public Lecture, Sun., 8 p.m., 17 Aug. 'Memory—Blessing or Curse?'

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily, London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL 3351.

DRUID Order. Public Meetings held on the third Thurs. each month at Caxton Hall, 7.15 p.m. Enqs. welcomed. Miss J. Cox, c/o 70 Baron's Court Rd, London, W14. Apologies for wrong address in July advertisement.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals, Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng classes or private lessons beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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